

SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...



NO. 5
JULY

10¢

PIRACY

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

10¢



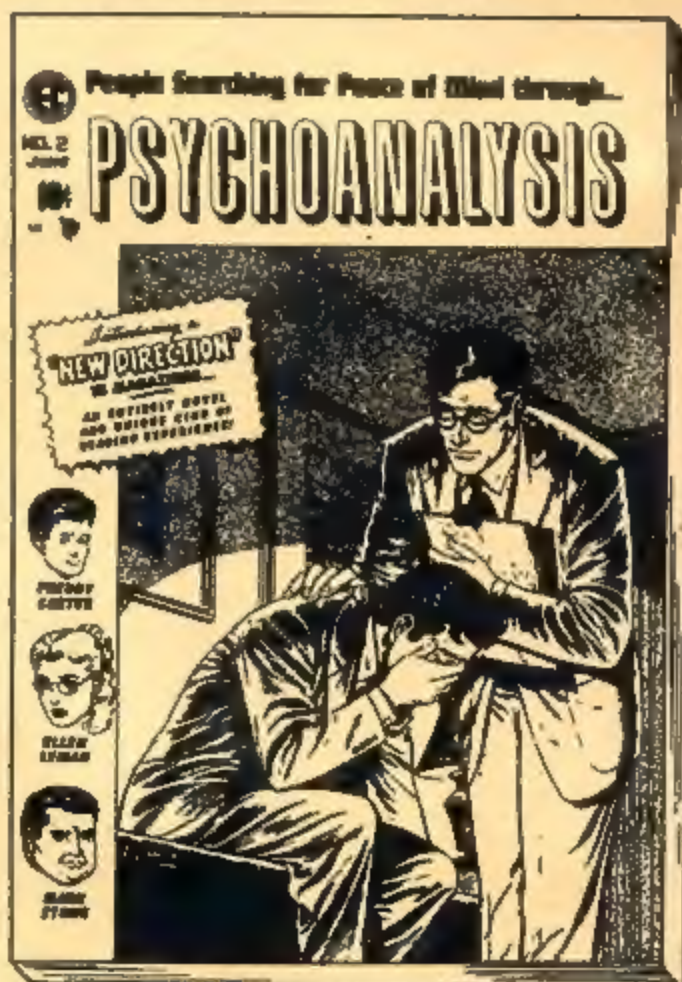
E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION"

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A LEFT TO THE BODY... AND A RIGHT TO THE HEAD!



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STORIES OF PEOPLE SEARCHING FOR PEACE OF MIND THROUGH THE MODERN SCIENCE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS!

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Scan by Fett !!

JEAN LAFITTE

HIS PAST VEILED IN MYSTERY AND CLOAKED IN VAGUE AND SHADOWED RUMORS, JEAN LAFITTE RULED HIS PIRATE KINGDOM WITH THE ABSOLUTE POWER OF AN ORIENTAL POTENTATE. HIS SUBJECTS WERE SWASHBUCKLING SEA ROVERS, THE SWEEPINGS OF MANY NATIONS. HIS DOMAIN WAS BARATARIA, AN ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF LOUISIANA NEAR NEW ORLEANS. ONE DAY, THE ISLAND HAD BEEN A DESERTED FOG-BLANKETED NO MAN'S LAND. THE NEXT DAY, AS THE FOG LIFTED, THERE'D BEEN THREE SHIPS ANCHORED IN IT'S COVE. LAFITTE HAD COME OUT OF NOWHERE... OUT OF MIST AND SHADOW... SUDDENLY... MYSTERIOUSLY... TO CLAIM BARATARIA FOR HIS HEADQUARTERS...

NOTHING WAS KNOWN OF THIS PHANTOM FIGURE WHO'D APPEARED OUT OF THE MORNING MIST. BUT HE SOON EARNED AN INFAMOUS REPUTATION AS A PLUNDERER OF SHIPPING IN THE GULF OF MEXICO AND THE CARRIBEAN. THEN CAME THE WAR OF 1812. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON IN DECEMBER, 1814, A BRITISH FRIGATE WAS ANCHORED OFF BARATARIA. TWO OF LAFITTE'S TRUSTED LIEUTENANTS STOOD IN WORRIED CONFERENCE OUTSIDE THE LAVISH HOUSE HE'D BUILT FOR HIMSELF...



I DON'T LIKE IT, DOMINIQUE! I'M A YANK AND THE LOBSTER-BACK ARE AT WAR WITH MY PEOPLE! WHY IS LAFITTE DEALING WITH THEM?

ZUT! YOU DON'T LIKE IT, WILLIAMS, AND I DON'T LIKE IT! DO YOU THINK I WANT TO DEAL WITH THE BRITISH? I HAVE FOLLOWED LAFITTE FOR MANY YEARS, BUT THIS IS THE END!



LOOK THERE! THE MEETING'S OVER. THEY ARE COMING OUT. ALL SMILE'S, TOO! HE'S MADE A BARGAIN WITH THEM!

OUI! WHEN LAFITTE LOOKS LIKE THE CAT WHO ATE THE CANARY, THINGS HAVE GONE WELL FOR HIM! AND I AM SICK OVER THIS!

SHOULDERING HATRED BURNED IN THE EYES OF THE TWO PIRATES AS THE BRITISH OFFICERS WALKED STIFFLY BY THEM...

DOMINIQUE!
WILLIAMS!
COME IN
HERE...

HE CALLS! FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN
ALL THESE YEARS,
I FEEL ASHAMED
IN MY HEART TO
SERVE UNDER JEAN
LAFITTE!



THE AMERICAN, WILLIAMS, AND THE FRENCHMAN, DOMINIQUE, WHO HAD BEEN NAPOLEON'S CANNONEER, FACED THEIR LEADER ON THE GREAT PORCH OF LAFITTE'S HOUSE. THEY STOOD SILENT, BUT THEIR EYES SPOKE FOR THEM, REFLECTING THEIR CONCEALED CONTEMPT...

WELL?! WHAT
IS IT? COME
ON, LADS!
SPEAK! OUT
WITH IT!

ALL RIGHT, JEAN!
IT IS BEST TO CLEAR
THE AIR. I HAVE FOL-
LOWED YOU FOR TEN
YEARS, AND WILLIAMS,
HERE, FOR SIX. WE ARE
YOUR OLDEST FRIENDS!
BUT IT IS OVER, JEAN!
WE ARE LEAVING!



WHAT?! DID YOU
STAND IN THE SUN
TOO LONG, DOM-
INIQUE? PERHAPS
THE SPANISH WINE
FROM THE LAST
MERCHANTMAN WAS
TOO STRONG?
WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?

I'LL SAY IT! WE
KNOW THE BRIT-
ISH MEAN TO
ATTACK NEW
ORLEANS... AND
THAT YOU'VE
MADE A DEAL
WITH THEM!
WELL, I'VE DONE
SOME LOW THINGS
IN MY TIME, BUT
I WON'T GO AGAINST
MY COUNTRYMEN
FOR THE LOBSTER-
BACKS!



AND I AM STILL A
FRENCHMAN! PERHAPS
YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN
YOUR OWN HERITAGE,
LAFITTE, BUT NOT I!
I FOUGHT WITH NAPOLEON
AND I CANNOT ALLY
MYSELF WITH AN ENEMY
OF FRANCE! IT IS TREASON
... AND YOU ARE A TRAITOR...

BLACK ANGER CONTORTED LAFITTE'S FACE. HIS COLD BLUE EYES GLINTED LIKE THE COLD STEEL OF THE GUN WHICH FLASHED IN HIS HAND. AS WILLIAMS' FINGER CURLED AROUND THE IVORY BUTT OF THE PISTOL IN HIS BELT, A LEAN, RANGY MAN APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY...

FOR AN ETERNAL MOMENT, NO ONE MOVED. THEN, LAFITTE SHEATHED HIS KNIFE, WILLIAMS' HAND DROPPED FROM HIS PISTOL, AND DOMINIQUE SIGHED IN RELIEF.

TRAITOR! NO MAN CAN
CALL ME THAT...

BETTER PUT
DOWN THAT
GUN,
LAFITTE, OR...

GENTS! Y'ALL
OUGHT T' SIMMER
DOWN! I'D HATE
T' HAVE T' PULL
THIS TRIGGER...



I AM SORRY, CAPTAIN LAWRENCE!
I DO NOT LIKE THE WORD TRAITOR!
ESPECIALLY WHEN IT IS ADDRESSED
TO ME! ANGER
DROVE AWAY
REASON!

JEAN! WHO IS
THIS MAN! HE'S
AN AMERICAN
BY HIS VOICE...



LAFITTE TURNED TO HIS TWO FRIENDS AND SMILED...

CAPTAIN LAWRENCE IS AN EMISSARY OF GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON WHO COMMANDS THE AMERICAN TROOPS IN NEW ORLEANS! THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT WILL GRANT US AMNESTY IF WE FIGHT ON THEIR SIDE! WHAT DO YOU THINK?



THERE IS NO QUESTION, JEAN! OF COURSE...

I AM FOR IT!

AND SO AM I! THE BRITISH OFFERED ME A COMMISSION IN THE ROYAL NAVY AND 30,000 POUNDS IF I'D SERVE THEM...BUT MY HEART WASN'T IN IT! 30,000 POUNDS IS A POOR PRICE TO PAY FOR A MAN'S HONOR!



CAPTAIN LAWRENCE WAS HIDDEN IN THE CLOSET WHILE I NEGOTIATED WITH THEM. HE HEARD ME TURN THEM DOWN. SO, BOYS...WE FIGHT UNDER GENERAL JACKSON...AND, BY STRIKING A BLOW AGAINST THE BRITISH, ERASE THE BAD REPUTATIONS WE'VE EARNED FOR OURSELVES IN THESE PARTS! EH?



THUS, A FEW DAYS LATER, LAFITTE'S PIRATE BAND JOINED THE DEFENDERS OF NEW ORLEANS. SINCE JACKSON'S NEED WAS FOR SKILLED GUNNERS, THE BUCANEER FORCE WAS ASSIGNED TO THE ARTILLERY POST ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY. IN THE PRE-DAWN MIST, THEY WAITED ON THE BEACH...

DO YOU THINK THE LOBSTERBACKS WILL COME SOON, DOMINIQUE?

OUI! THEY WILL COME! I FEEL IT IN MY BONES! AN OLD WARHORSE LIKE ME IS NEVER WRONG! THEY'LL COME AND OUR WORK WILL BE LONG AND BLOODY!



DOMINIQUE, I HAVE BEEN YOUR FRIEND FOR A LONG TIME! IN AN HOUR OR A DAY WE MAY DIE IN BATTLE! I DO NOT ASK PERSONAL QUESTIONS OF ANY MAN, BUT...I MUST KNOW! WHO IS LAFITTE... REALLY?

YOUR QUESTION HAS NO ANSWER, WILLIAMS. EVEN I DO NOT KNOW! I MET LAFITTE IN BARBADOES. HE HAD A SHIP AND HE NEEDED A GUNNER, NO QUESTIONS ASKED. I'D LEFT FRANCE BECAUSE I'D KILLED A MAN IN A DUEL OVER A GIRL, SO I JOINED HIM!



THERE ARE MANY STORIES ABOUT LAFITTE. SOME SAY HE IS A FRENCH NOBLEMAN... SOME THAT HE IS AN ESCAPED MURDERER! NO ONE KNOWS! NOR DOES ANYONE KNOW HIS REAL NAME! HE CAME OUT OF NOWHERE...OUT OF THE SHADOWS...AND PERHAPS THE TRUTH WILL NEVER BE TOLD!

IS EVERYTHING READY, DOMINIQUE?



OUI, JEAN! WHENEVER THEY COME, WE WILL BE WAITING, AND THE RECEPTION WILL BE A WARM ONE!

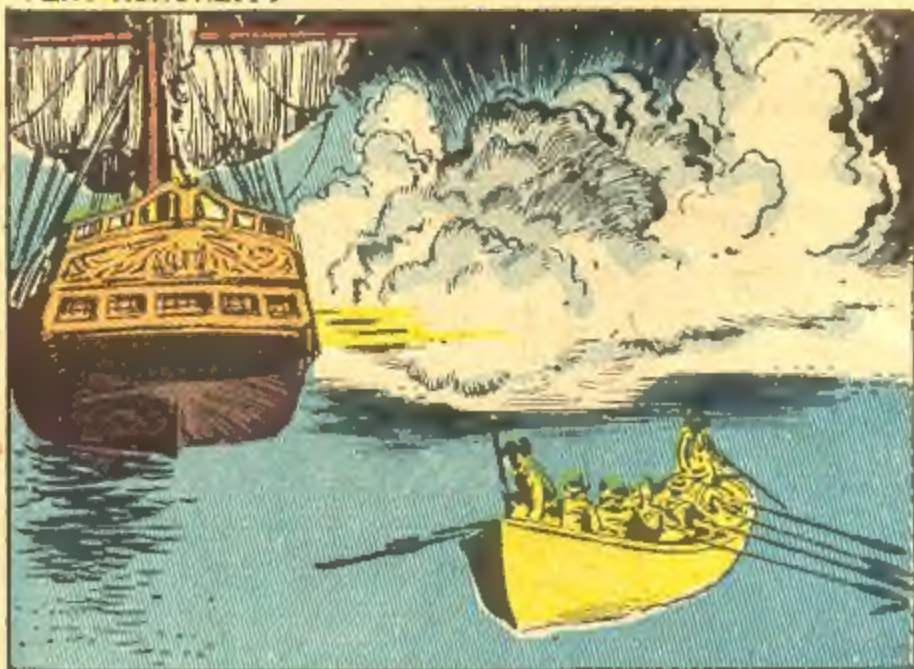
WELL, YOU HAVE NOT LONG TO WAIT! THE PARTY IS ABOUT TO BEGIN! LOOK...OUT ON THE GULF!



A BRISK WIND CAME UP WITH THE SUN. THE DAMP GREY MIST THAT HAD HUNG LIKE A VEIL DISPERSED. THERE, OFF SHORE, WAS A FLEET OF BRITISH MEN-O-WAR, AWESOME IN THE FIERCE SWEEP OF CANNON WHICH PEERED THROUGH THEIR OPEN GUN-PORTS...



FOR A TIME, THERE WAS HEAVY SILENCE. ONLY THE BREEZE IN THE SHROUDS AND THE JANGLE OF EQUIPMENT AS BRITISH GRENADIERS CLIMBED INTO LONGBOATS BROKE THE STILLNESS. THEN, FROM THE FLAGSHIP, CAME THE SHRILL NOTES OF A BUGLE. MATCHES FLARED AND 25 POUNDERS ROARED FIRE AND SMOKE AS THE WHOLE FLOTTILLA POURED ITS BROADSIDE ONTO THE DEFENSE BATTERY ASHORE...

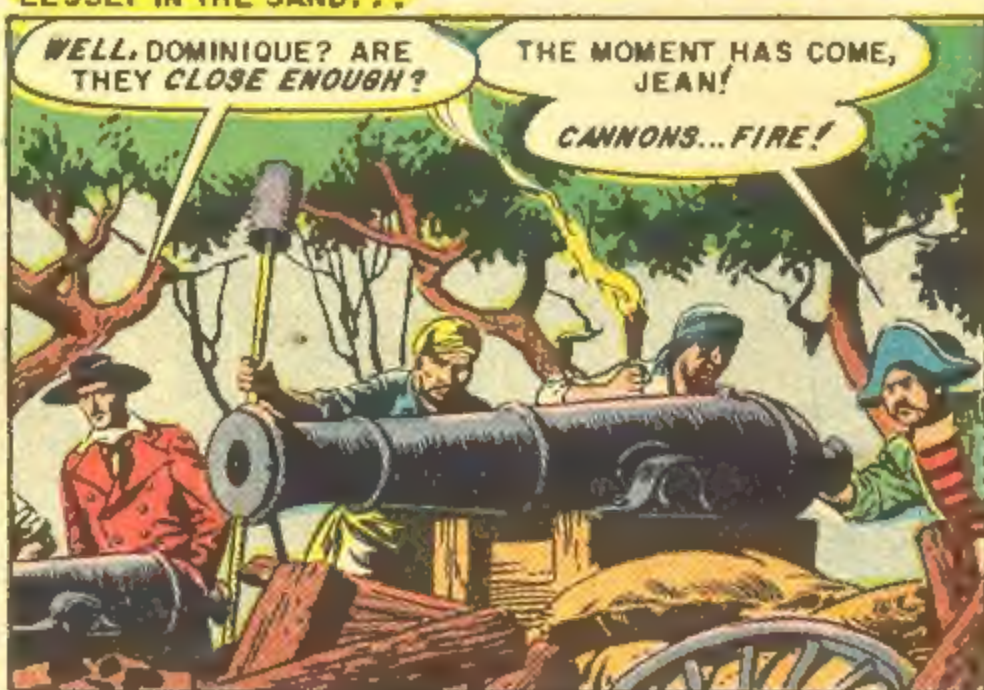


THE BOMBARDMENT TURNED THE PLEASANT BEACH INTO A MAELSTROM OF FURY. SHELL BURSTS THREW UP FOUNTAINS OF SAND, AND BITS OF STEEL WHISTLED THROUGH THE AIR...



KEEP UNDER COVER! HOLD YOUR FIRE UNTIL THEY COME WELL INTO RANGE!

FUSILLADE AFTER FUSILLADE WAS POURED INTO THE DEFENSE POSITIONS. BUT THE AMERICANS WERE WELL-DUG-IN AND MOST OF THE SHELLS BURIED THEMSELVES HARMLESSLY IN THE SAND...



WELL, DOMINIQUE? ARE THEY CLOSE ENOUGH?

THE MOMENT HAS COME, JEAN!

CANNONS... FIRE!

HAWK-EYED DOMINIQUE CALLED ON ALL HIS SKILL AS A CANNONEER. HE RUSHED FROM GUN TO GUN, PERSONALLY SIGHTING EACH WEAPON AS THE PIRATE CANNONS POURED HAVOC INTO THE ONCOMING LONGBOATS, TAKING A TERRIBLE TOLL...



FOR HOURS, THE CARNAGE CONTINUED. LINE AFTER LINE OF BRITISH GRENADIERS MARCHED UPON THE BREASTWORKS, ONLY TO FALL UNDER THE GALLING FIRE OF CANNON AND MUSKET...



AT LAST THE BATTLE ENDED. THE INVASION OF NEW ORLEANS HAD BEEN SMASHED! IT WAS A COMPLETE DEFEAT FOR THE BRITISH. THE BATTERED REMNANTS OF THEIR FLEET SAILED AWAY...

LAFITTE AND HIS MEN, AS HAD BEEN PROMISED, WERE GRANTED AMNESTY. THEY WERE WELCOME TO STROLL THE DOCKS OF NEW ORLEANS AS FREE MEN, FETED BY THE GRATEFUL PEOPLE OF THE CITY. AND THUS, THE MONTHS PASSED...UNTIL...

THE *BLUE HERON*? A FINE SCHOONER, DOMINIQUE! DO YOU KNOW HER CARGO?

NO! BUT WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE? WE ARE NO LONGER INTERESTED IN THINGS OF THE SEA. OUR ISLAND IS NOW A PROSPEROUS FARM... OUR MEN PEACEFUL FARMERS!



STOP TALKING LIKE A FOOL, DOMINIQUE! YOU AND ALL THE OTHER MEN ARE CHAFING AT THE BIT! YOU BELONG ON THE DECK OF A SLEEK SHIP WITH THE SEA WIND BITING YOUR FACE...NOT SCRATCHING IN DIRT TO RAISE A FEW BUSHELLS OF YAMS!



PERHAPS! PERHAPS NOT! BUT WE HAVE ONLY ONE SHIP NOW... THE *PRIDE*! AND THAT IS NO LONGER USED EXCEPT FOR TRADING! FORGET IT, JEAN! WE ARE FARMERS AND I WOULD NOT CHANGE IT!

NOT EVEN IF YOU KNEW THAT THE *BLUE HERON* WILL BE CARRYING 100,000 POUNDS OF GOLD!

A HUNDRED THOU--? WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

JUST A MINUTE, LAFITTE! THE *BLUE HERON* FLIES AN AMERICAN FLAG AND WE ARE FREE UNDER AMNESTY! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PIRATE THAT SHIP IF I HAVE TO GO TO THE PROVOST MARSHAL MYSELF!



GO AHEAD, WILLIAMS! REPORT US! PERHAPS THE PROVOST MARSHAL MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN THE YOUNG OFFICER WHO QUIT HIS POST DURING THE SEMINOLE WAR AND ALLOWED THE INDIANS TO MASSACRE A VILLAGE!

I DON'T CARE ABOUT MYSELF! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ATTACK AN AMERICAN SHIP! I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES WITH THE PROVOST MARSHAL!



LAFITTE'S EYES BURNED. HE SWUNG ANGRILY, CATCHING WILLIAMS ACROSS THE JAW...

LAFITTE STOOD OVER THE FALLEN WILLIAMS...

LAFITTE TURNED AND STRODE OFF! DOMINIQUE SHRUGGED AND HURRIED AFTER HIM. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... WILLIAMS... GONE! WHILE THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY TO BARATARIA...

WELL, I TAKE CHANCES WITH NO ONE!



BREATHE ONE WORD TO THE PROVOST MARSHAL, WILLIAMS... AND IT WILL BE YOUR LAST! AND DON'T SHOW YOUR FACE ON BARATARIA AGAIN! WE ARE THROUGH!



WHY DID YOU DO IT, JEAN! HE WAS A GOOD MAN!

HE WAS... BUT HIS LOYALTIES WAVERED...



THE UNITED STATES BECAME MORE IMPORTANT TO HIM THAN WE DID! MEN LIKE US CANNOT GIVE OUR ALLEGIANCE TO ANY FLAG BUT THE "JOLLY ROGER"! WE ARE MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY...



AS THE TRUTH OF LAFITTE'S STATEMENT SANK HOME, TEARS GLISTENED IN DOMINIQUE'S EYES...

OUI... MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY! OH, FRANCE... MY FRANCE...

I ACCEPTED THE AMERICAN AMNESTY ONLY TO LULL THEM... TO MAKE THEM THINK I WAS THROUGH WITH PIRACY! NOW, THEIR VIGILANCE HAS EASED, AND WE CAN GET TO WORK AGAIN...



TWO DAYS PASSED AND THE BLUE HERON SAILED FOR ITS DESTINATION... CUBA. BUT AS IT PLOWED THE SMOOTH, SEMI-TROPICAL WATERS, A SWIFT SCHOONER, THE PRIDE, FLYING THE BLACK FLAG OF PIRACY FROM ITS MAINMAST-HEAD, SWOOPED DOWN UPON THE UNSUSPECTING MERCHANTMAN...



THE BUCCANEERS, EAGER FOR THE EVIL WORK AT HAND, WERE TENSE AND READY. EVERY GUNNER WAS AT HIS POST, EYES RIVETED ON THE QUARTERDECK, WHERE DOMINIQUE STOOD BESIDE JEAN LAFITTE, READY TO GIVE THE SIGNAL...

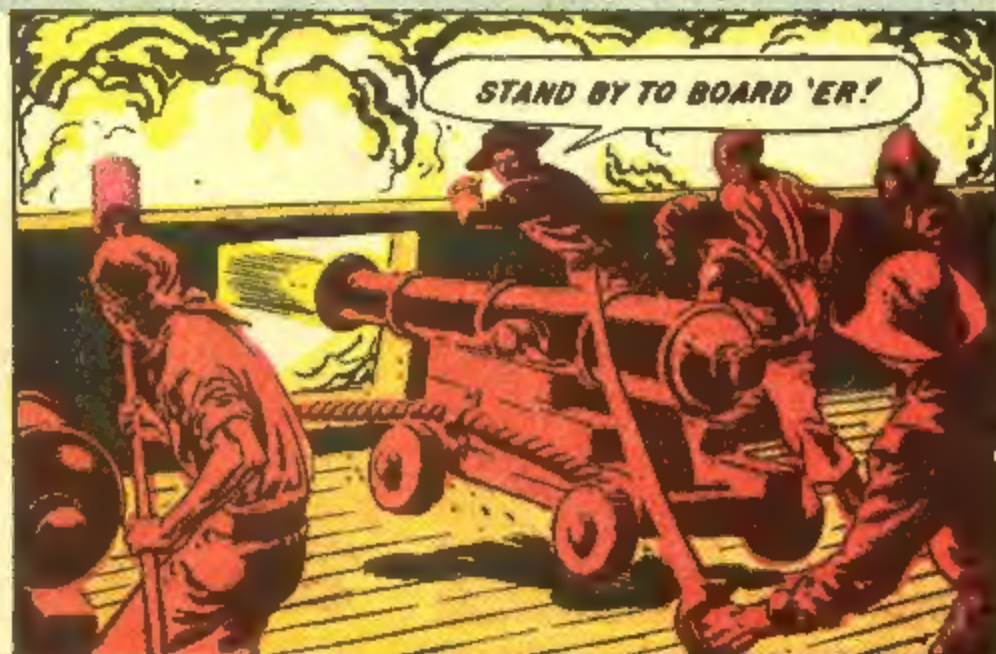
SUDDENLY THE BLUE HERON BECAME A SHAMBLES AS GRAPE SHOT, CHAIN SHOT, AND CANNISTER RACKED HER DECKS. DEATH AND DESTRUCTION STRUCK WITH OVERWHELMING FORCE...

NOW, DOMINIQUE?

OUI! THE RANGE IS RIGHT! NOW!

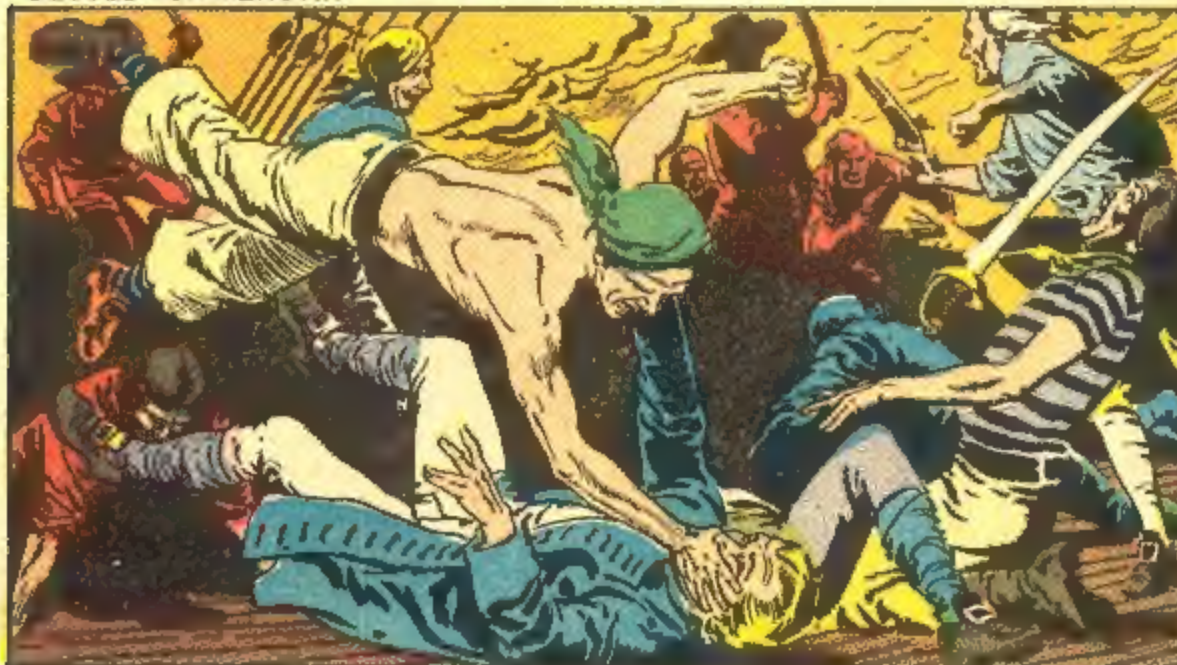


STAND BY TO BOARD 'ER!



THE PRIDE CLOSED IN. THE PIRATES STORMED THE CRIPPLED SHIP. CUT-THROATS FLASHED AND RESISTANCE WAS SLASHED DOWN. SURVIVORS BEGGED FOR MERCY...

BUT THE FLINT STEEL HEART OF JEAN LAFITTE DID NOT KNOW THE MEANING OF MERCY. NOT ONE SURVIVOR WAS LEFT ALIVE...



9 **THUS, LIKE A DEADLY PLAGUE, DID JEAN LAFITTE DESCEND ONCE AGAIN UPON THE SHIPPING IN THE GULF. HIS ORDERS WERE "NO QUARTER!" AND SO, NO QUARTER WAS GIVEN. HE RAN DOWN AND PLUNDERED EVERY SHIP THAT CROSSED THE PRIDE'S PATH. SOON THE VERY NAME OF LAFITTE STRUCK TERROR INTO EVERY HEART ALONG THE LOUISIANA COAST...**

FOR MORE THAN TWO YEARS HIS RAVAGES CONTINUED. UNITS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY SCoured THE BAYOUS AND INLETS OF THE GULF COAST, SEARCHING FOR HIM. THEIR CEASELESS PATROLLING GRADUALLY DREW A NET AROUND LAFITTE UNTIL... ONE DAY...



I MAKE OUT *THREE SLOOPS... AN ARMED SCHOONER... AND A FRIGATE!* THEY FLY THE *STARS AND STRIPES!*

OUI! THIS IS THE END OF THE *TRAIL, JEAN!* THEY HAVE US, NOW...



NO! NEVER! I'M NOT GOING TO DANCE AT THE END OF A ROPE!
HOIST EVERY SCRAP OF SAIL! WE'RE GOING TO RUN FOR IT!

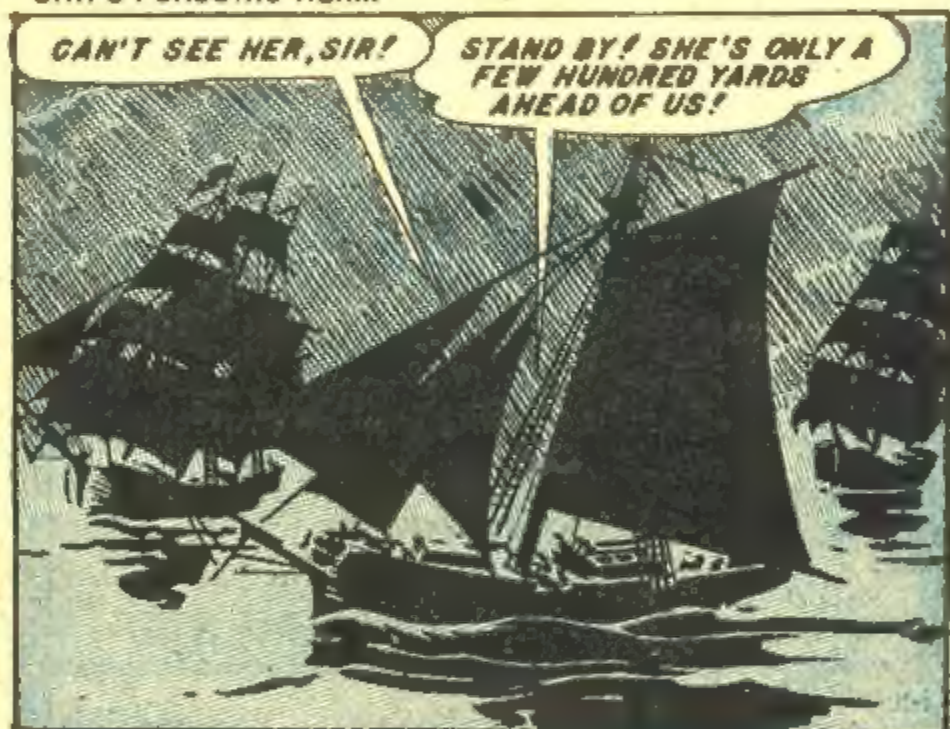
SLOWLY, THE NAVY SHIPS PULLED CLOSER WITH THE SLOOPS RACING AHEAD INTO CANNON RANGE...

A STRANGE MIST DESCENDED ON THE PRIDE AND THE NAVY SHIPS PURSUING HER...



GOOD SHOOTING, BOSUN! YOU SCORED A HIT ON HER BOW!

IT'S THIS BLASTED FOG COMING IN, SIR! IF I HAD A CLEAR SHOT, I'D BLOW OFF HER STEERING GEAR!



CAN'T SEE HER, SIR!

STAND BY! SHE'S ONLY A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AHEAD OF US!

AND THEN, JUST AS STRANGELY, A SUDDEN SHIFT IN WIND LIFTED THE FOG BLANKET...

THE PRIDE HAD DISAPPEARED AND WITH HER, HER PIRATE CREW. NO TRACE...NOT EVEN THE FAINTEST CLUE, WAS EVER UNCOVERED TO GIVE THE SLIGHTEST INKLING TO JEAN LAFITTE'S BEGINNING...OR TO HIS FATE! HE WENT AS HE'D GONE... SUDDENLY... MYSTERIOUSLY... IN MIST AND SHADOW...



WHAT THE...?!

GONE! NOT A TRACE OF 'EM!

IT CAN'T BE! IT'S SOME SORT OF TRICK! THEY WERE JUST AHEAD OF US! HE... CHOKES...



SCUTTLEBUTT

Dear Editors,

I think "Piracy" is one of the best magazines about the sea I have ever read. I congratulate you on your good work.

Gary Hogenson
Laurium, Mich.

... Your mag "Piracy" is every bit a real masterpiece. Thanks for a truly great dime's worth.

Jim Reardan
Beloit, Kansas

... Man, was I stunned. I felt like I'd just been "keel-hauled." If there is any mag that will be a big success, I'm sure this one will.

Richard Wynn
Baltimore, Md.

... Since reading "Piracy," I hate land so much, I haven't come out of the bathtub.

Stephen C. Monheimer
Philadelphia, Pa.

... I for one don't dig this "Piracy" stuff.

Evelyn Gold
Brooklyn, N. Y.

... I think you guys have come up with something good. Keep up the fine work.

Ron Hough
Baltimore, Md.

... All I can say about "Piracy" is: it's great, it's terrific, it's wonderful, it's ... well, you know what I mean.

John Hayden
Valley Stream, N. Y.

... I think you've come up with another successful mag. I especially like the new cover design and the realistic illustration. The stories are the best I've found in any book about pirates and the sea.

Juan Ortiz
Brooklyn, N. Y.

... The stories are so exciting and adventurous, I just can't wait to turn the page. In my opinion, the five best stories of the first three issues are: "The Privateer," "Sea Food," "Blackbeard," "Nazi U-Boat," and "Slave Ship."

Michael Luch
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

... your new mag "Piracy" is the best in entertainment. "Nazi U-Boat" was the greatest.

Jack Wilkinson
Hamilton, Ont.

... My most hearty felicitations on your latest "Piracy," No. 3. I think it was one of the true masterpieces of comic book literature. I think E. C. mags are the best comics published.

Joseph P. Dudley
Brooklyn, N. Y.

... You guys really have the knack for writing real salt-wind yarns. I really did enjoy the first three issues and I'm looking forward to many more. Much success to you.

Jerry Hodge
Pacoler Mills

... Since your mag "Piracy" prints the real truth about the sea and sea-faring life, I'll tell you the real truth about your mag. It sales and sales.

Robert Gilbert
E. C. F. A. No. 20861
Norfolk, Va.

... The third issue of "Piracy" was the best yet.

Jerry Neuffer
Chicago, Ill.

... "Piracy" is another great E. C. wonder.

Billy Hoover
Manchester, Tenn.

... "Piracy" No. 3 was great. I vote "Slave Ship" best. "Mouse Trap" second. "Nazi U-Boat" third. "Blackbeard" fourth. And the texts last. Keep up the great work. We landlubbers lub your new mag.

John Townsley
Brooklyn, N. Y.

... Whatever happened to the votes on stories. How about 'em?

Ezra Keel

Well, how about 'em? Let's hear from you fans on whether you want to revive the old popularity poll on stories, or not. Write your criticisms, compliments, and suggestions to:

Seasick Editors
Room 706, Dept. 5
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.



RAG DOLL

1810 SAW THE ATLANTIC A HUNTING GROUND FOR PIRATES. A SHIP NEEDED A DOCTOR ON BOARD IN THOSE DAYS THAT IS IF THE BLACKHEARTED WRETCHES DIDN'T KILL EVERY LAST MAN OF HER CREW FIRST, INCLUDING THE DOCTOR! WELL, I WAS A SHIP'S PHYSICIAN THEN ON THE *NORTHERN STAR*, A TRIM FOUR MASTER. I ENJOYED GOING TO SEA. I RAN INTO ADVENTURES I'D NEVER HAVE HAD IF I'D PRACTISED ASHORE BUT I NEVER ENCOUNTERED AN INCIDENT STRANGER THAN THE ONE INVOLVING A TAR NAMED JONATHAN FLYNN. I'D SAILED WITH FLYNN BEFORE I KNEW ALL ABOUT HIM THE WAY ONLY A DOCTOR CAN GET TO KNOW A MAN. IT ALL STARTED ONE NIGHT, RIGHT AFTER EIGHT BELLS, WHEN THE BO'SUN, JIM ASHLEY, CAME BELOW TO WAKE FLYNN FOR THE MIDWATCH

HUH? WELL, I'LL BE BLOWED
WHA...? WILL YE LOOK AT THAT!
I PULL THE BLANKET
OFF'N FLYNN, AND GUESS
WHAT? HE'S SLEEPIN' WITH
A RAG DOLL! Y'HEAR,
BOYS? A RAG DOLL!

AW, PIPE
DOWN,
ASHLEY!
LET US
GET SOME
SLEEP

SHUT YOUR
HATCH,
MC CONNELL!
I WANT T'HEAR
THIS! DID YOU
SAY FLYNN'S
SLEEPIN' WITH
A RAG DOLL?



IN A MINUTE, IT WAS ALL AROUND THE FO'C'S'LE. THE SLEEP CLEARED OUT OF THE EYES OF EVERY TIRED TAR DOWN THERE, INCLUDING JONATHAN FLYNN. THEY LEAPED FROM THEIR BUNKS AND CROWDED AROUND FLYNN AND LAUGHED AND SNORTED AND STOMPED AND POINTED.

BY GUM! YOU'RE
RIGHT,
ASHLEY!

IT IS A
RAG DOLL!

HAW,
HAW!

LE' ME
SEE!?



FLYNN WAS RED AS A BEET AND NEAR TEARS. HE SNATCHED THE DOLL FROM THE BO'SUN, STUFFED IT BACK INTO HIS SEA BAG, AND RAN FOR THE DECK, HIS MATES HOOTING AFTER HIM.

HE AIN'T GROWED
UP YET! HE'S
STILL A NURSIN'
BABE!

SEE 'IM RUN! A MAN
THAT D PLAY WITH A RAG
DOLL AIN'T GOT THE GUTS
TO STAY AND FIGHT! HEY
BABY FLYNN!



FOR WEEKS AFTER THE CREW'S DISCOVERY OF JONATHAN FLYNN'S SECRET, THE POOR BOY DIDN'T KNOW A WAKING MOMENT'S PEACE. THEY RODE HIM UNMERCIFULLY ABOUT IT...

WHY'N'T YE TRY SWABBIN' THE DECK WITH THAT *RAG DOLL* OF YOURS, 'STEAD OF *WASTIN'* A *GOOD BRUSH*, SONNY BOY?!

WE OUGHT TO DUMP HIM *AND HIS RAG DOLL* OVER THE *SIDE*!



YOU COULDN'T BLAME THOSE RUGGED SEAMEN FOR ABUSING FLYNN. THEY DIDN'T KNOW. AND THEY PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE UNDERSTOOD, EVEN IF HE'D TOLD THEM WHAT HE'D TOLD ME ONCE. IT WAS SOMETHING THAT HAD HAPPENED YEARS BEFORE, WHEN JONATHAN FLYNN WAS BUT SEVEN YEARS OLD. . .

I... I FELL OUT OF *BED*, MOMMY! WHY IS THE SHIP *SHAKING* SO?

IT'S A *STORM*, JOHNNY! A *TERRIBLE STORM*! DADDY SAYS THE SHIP IS TAKING ON *WATER*! WE... WE'LL HAVE TO *LEAVE*! COME...



BUT JONATHAN'S MOTHER KNEW THAT *SHE'D* HAVE TO LEAVE SOMETHING SHE LOVED BEHIND. FOR JONATHAN'S FATHER WAS *CAPTAIN* OF THE ILL-FATED BARK *BETSY MORGAN*...

PLEASE, EDWARD! *NOT* WITHOUT *YOU*! I'D RATHER *DIE* THAN GO WITHOUT *YOU*!

FOR *HEAVEN'S SAKE*, HELEN! SAVE OUR *SON*! THERE'S NO TIME TO *ARGUE*! *LOWER AWAY, MEN*! GOOD-BYE, HELEN... JONATHAN...



THEY EVEN INVADDED HIS SLEEPING MOMENTS, SHAKING HIM OUT OF A SOUND SLUMBER TO CONTINUE THEIR CHIDING...

JUS' WANTED TO MAKE SURE YER LITTLE *DOLLIES* WASN'T *SUFFOCATIN'* UNDER THAT BLANKET, DEARIE...

LE'ME *ALONE*! WHY CAN'T YOU *LE'ME ALONE*!



WAIT, MOMMY! *WAIT*! I CAN'T GO WITHOUT "*RAGSY*"!

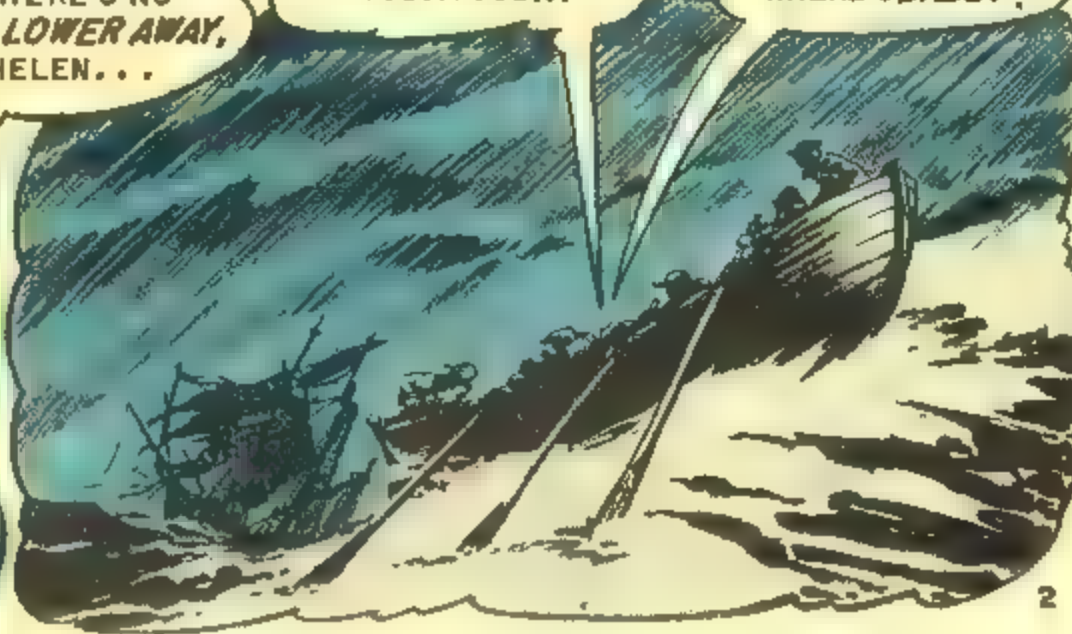
NO, DEAR! THAT'S *RIGHT*! WE *MUSTN'T* LEAVE ANYTHING WE LOVE BEHIND!



THE LONE LIFEBOAT HAD HARDLY CLEARED THE SHIP BEFORE *SHE'D* SHUDDERED AND SANK BENEATH THE CHURNING SEA...

EDWARD! EDWARD! SOB... SOB...

MOMMY! MOMMY... WHERE'S *DADDY*?



SO HELEN FLYNN CLUNG TO JONATHAN, THE ONE PRECIOUS THING LEFT IN HER LIFE...AND THE BOY, IN TURN, CLUNG TO HIS RAG DOLL. THE LIFEBOAT, LIKE A MATCHSTICK, WAS TOSSED AND ROLLED BY THE LASHING, MOUNTAINOUS WAVES.



MOMMY! MOMMY!
I'M AFRAID!
I'M AFRAID!

HOLD TIGHT!
THIS IS A
BIG ONE!

LOOK
OUT!

THE SKIPPER OF THE BRIG THAT SAVED JONATHAN AND THE OTHER SURVIVORS OF THE *BETSY MORGAN* WAS UNABLE TO CONSOLE THE CHILD OR SEPARATE HIM FROM THAT RAG DOLL. THE ONLY THING HE'D HAD TO CLING TO DURING THOSE TERRIFYING HOURS.

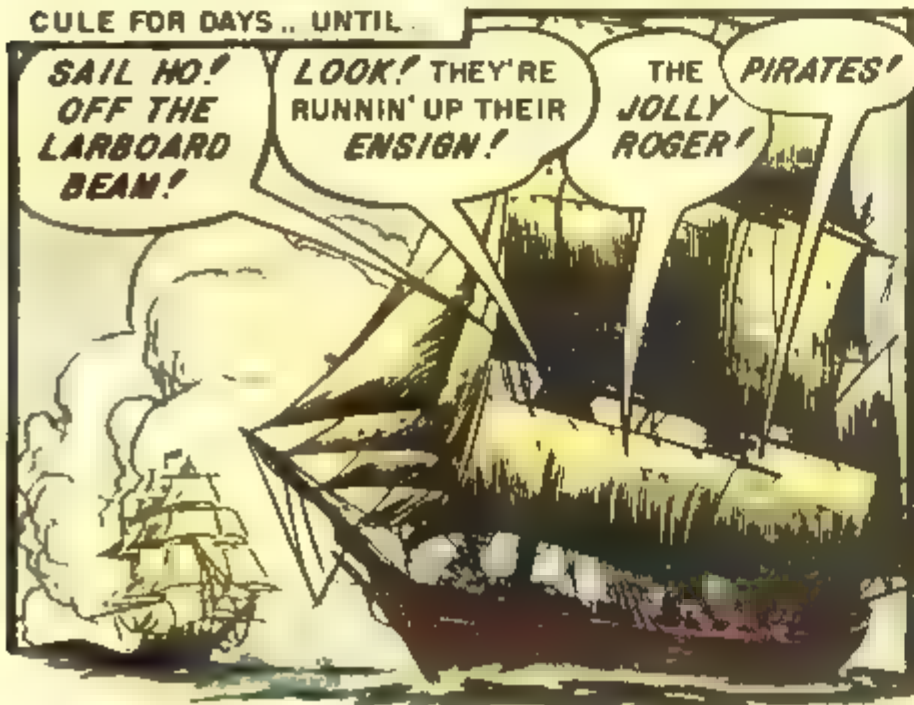
POOR TYKE! HIS
MA GONE. HE'S
SCARED HALF TO
DEATH!

MOMMY.
SOB...
MOMMY.

SO MUCH FOR SO
LITTLE A FELLER
TO GO THROUGH.



BUT I KNEW THAT THE CREW OF THE *NORTHERN STAR* WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND, SO I DIDN'T TRY TO EXPLAIN. FLYNN AND HIS RAG DOLL WERE THE OBJECTS OF RIDICULE FOR DAYS.. UNTIL



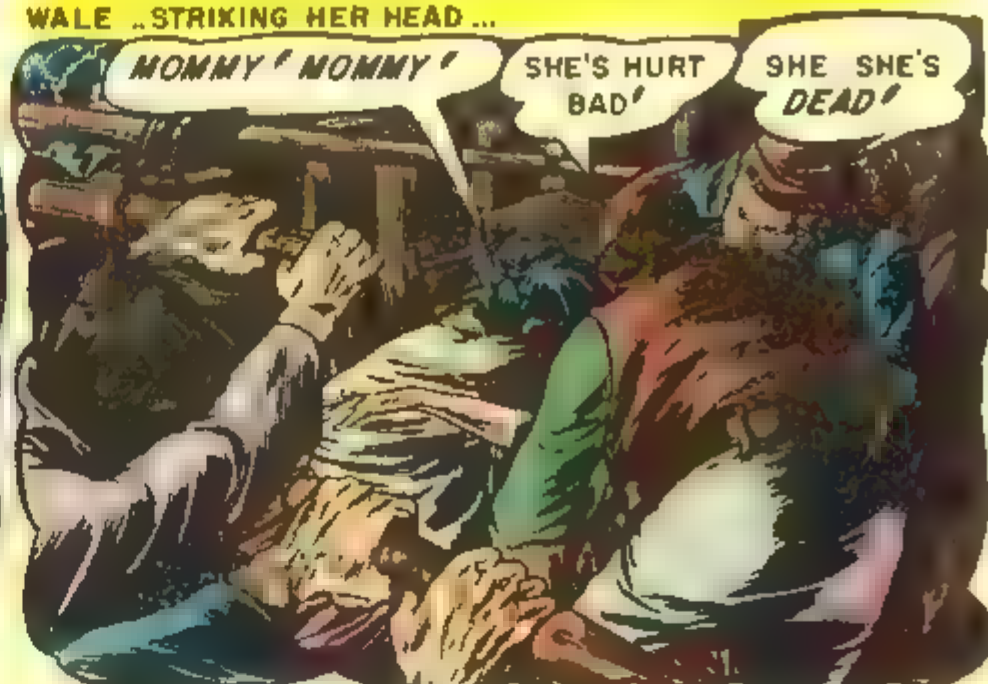
SAIL HO!
OFF THE
LARBOARD
BEAM!

LOOK! THEY'RE
RUNNIN' UP THEIR
ENSIGN!

THE
JOLLY
ROGER!

PIRATES!

JONATHAN REMEMBERED HOW THE LIFEBOAT PITCHED AS IT DROPPED INTO THE TROUGH OF ONE HUGE WAVE. HE REMEMBERED HIS MOTHER BEING THROWN AGAINST THE GUNWALE ..STRIKING HER HEAD...



MOMMY! MOMMY!

SHE'S HURT
BAD!

SHE SHE'S
DEAD!

JONATHAN FLYNN WENT TO LIVE WITH AN AUNT IN PHILADELPHIA. HE WAS A LONELY BOY, WITH BUT ONE FRIEND. HIS DOLL "RAGSY" THE ONLY THING IN THE WORLD HE FELT SAFE AND SECURE WITH. JONATHAN DREADED THE WATER, BUT WHEN MANHOOD CAME, HE WENT TO SEA IN SPITE OF HIS FEARS. HE WAS DETERMINED TO CONQUER THEM! AND "RAGSY" WENT WITH HIM

I HAD TO TELL SOMEONE,
DOCTOR! YOU DON'T THINK
I'M A MADMAN BECAUSE
OF MY MY DOLL?

WE ALL CLING TO SOME-
THING, FLYNN SOME LUCKY
CHARM... SOME MEMENTO
THAT SPELLS SECURITY
TO US! YES, I UNDERSTAND...

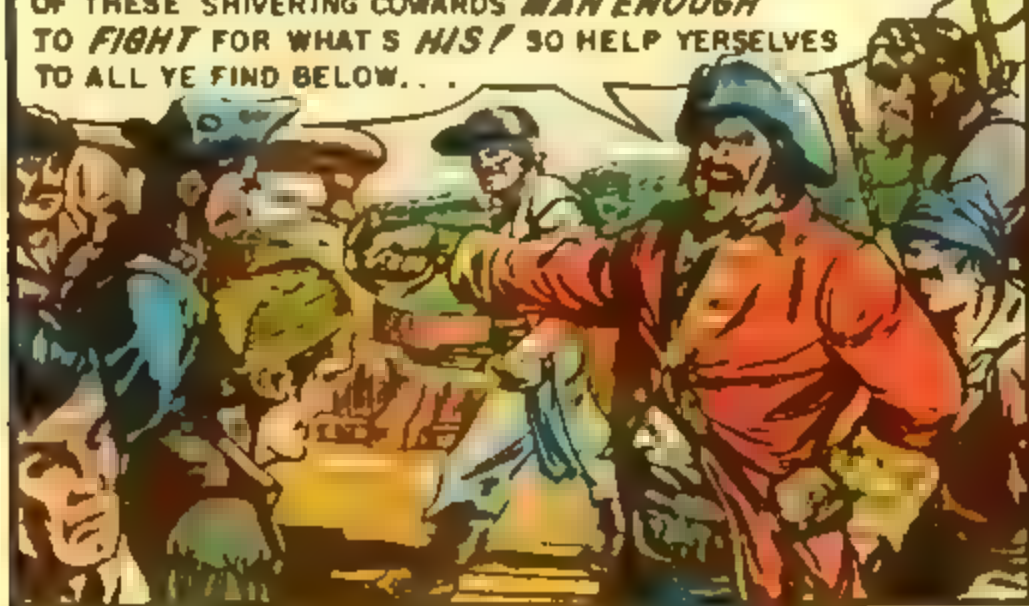


'T WAS A PIRATE SHIP ALL RIGHT. THEY DREW UP ALONGSIDE AND MADE FAST WITH LINES AND GRAPPLES. THEN THE FIERCE LOT OF 'EM, ARMED TO THE TEETH, POURED ABOARD



THEY LINED US UP TOPSIDE, FROM OUR CAPTAIN DOWN TO OUR CABIN BOY... AND NOT ONE MAN OF US WAS LESS SCARED THAN JONATHAN FLYNN. THOSE CUTTHROATS JUST SCOWLED AND WE QUAKED...

'TIS *DISAPPOINTIN'*, M'LADS, BUT THERE AIN'T *ONE* OF THESE SHIVERING COWARDS *MAN ENOUGH* TO *FIGHT* FOR WHAT'S *HIS*! SO HELP YERSELVES TO ALL YE FIND BELOW...



WELL, SIR, WE JUST STOOD THERE AND WATCHED AS THE PIRATE-DEVILS BEGAN TO TRANSFER OUR CARGO... EVERY CASK... EVERY KEG. TO THEIR SHIP. NOT A MAN-JACK OF OUR CREW PEEPED OR MOVED AS THEY MARCHED BY US WITH EVERYTHING OF VALUE... EVEN OUR PERSONAL BELONGINGS...



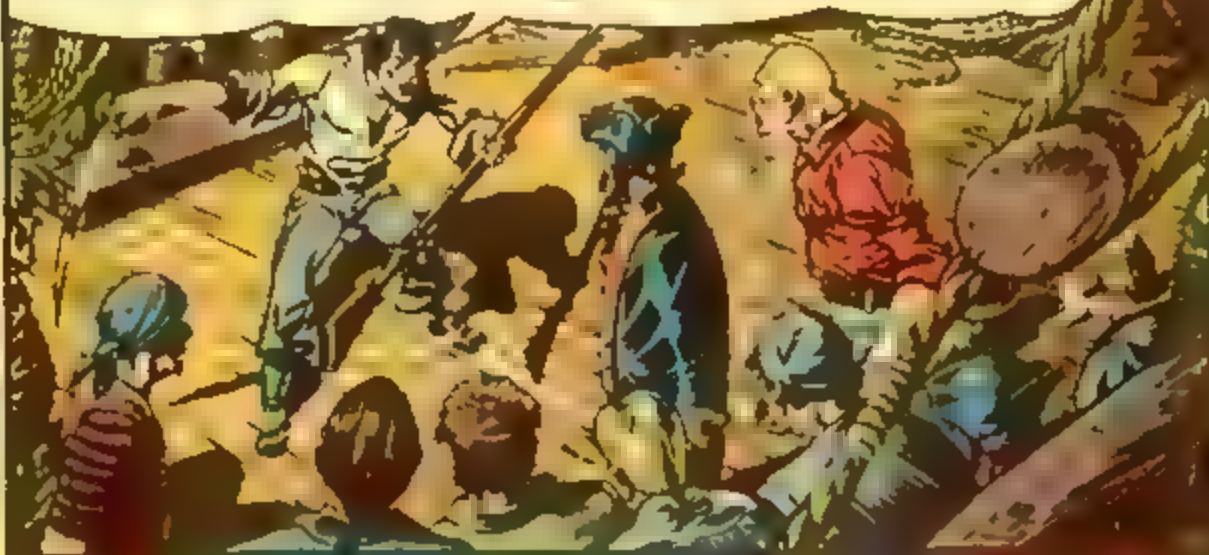
THEN, SUDDENLY, JONATHAN FLYNN BROKE AWAY AND HEADED BELOW...

HEY.. YOU! LET 'IM GO! HE'S JUST A SCARED RABBIT!



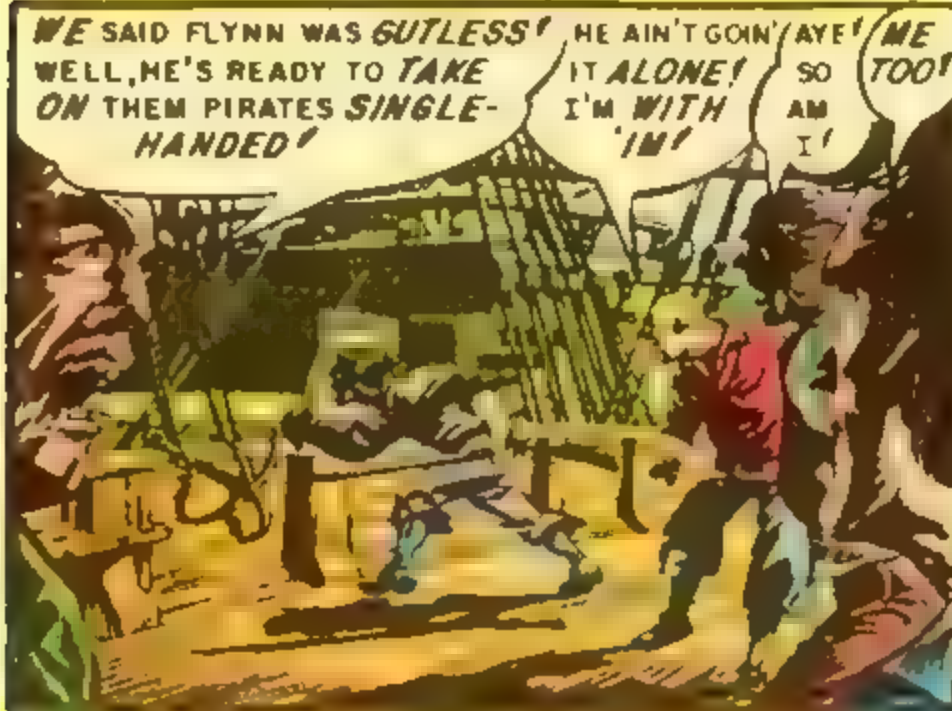
SCARED RABBIT, INDEED! THE PIRATES WERE JUST CLIMBING BACK ONTO THEIR OWN SHIP AND MAKING READY TO CAST OFF THE GRAPPLES WHEN JONATHAN FLYNN DASHED UP FROM BELOW... A CUTLASS IN ONE HAND... A MUSKET IN THE OTHER...

YOU LETTIN' 'EM GO!? YOU CALL YERSELVES *MEN*!? COWARDS! THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE! BUT NOT ME! I'M NOT TOO YELLOW TO *FIGHT* THOSE THIEVIN' PIRATES, EVEN IF I HAVE TO GO IT ALONE!



FLYNN STARTED TOWARD THE STARBOARD GUNWALE, WHERE THE PIRATES WERE STILL MADE FAST ON US. WHEN THE OTHERS OF THE CREW SAW THIS, THEY FELT ASHAMED...

WE SAID FLYNN WAS *GUTLESS*! HE AIN'T GOIN' AYE! *ME TOO!* WELL, HE'S READY TO *TAKE* IT ALONE! SO AM I! ON THEM PIRATES *SINGLE-HANDED*! I'M WITH 'IM!



WITH A WILD CHEER, THE CREW SCURRIED ABOUT THE DECK, QUICKLY ARMING THEMSELVES WITH BELAYING PINS, CHAINS, AXES, MUSKETS, AND CUTLASSES. BIG BO'SUN ASHLEY RAN AFTER JONATHAN FLYNN...

WAIT FER US! WE'RE GOIN' WITH YE, FLYNN! LE'ME HAVE THAT *CUTLASS*, MAN...



WITH JONATHAN FLYNN LEADING THEM, THE CREW OF *THE NORTHERN STAR* POURED OVER THE GUNWALES ONTO THE DECK OF THE PIRATE SHIP... A TIDAL WAVE OF SHOUTING, ANGERED, ARMED HUMANITY. THE PIRATES WERE TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, HAVING ASSUMED THAT OUR BOYS WERE TOO SCARED TO FIGHT. OH, BUT IT WAS A WICKED MÊLÉE.



I'VE NEVER SEEN MEN GET WHAT THEY DESERVED ANY MORE THAN THOSE BRUTAL PIRATES. MAYBE IT WASN'T ALL SURPRISE THAT WHIPPED 'EM. I BELIEVE THAT THEY THEMSELVES WERE COWARDS AT HEART. SOME LEAPED OVER THE SIDE RATHER THAN FIGHT. SOME BEGGED FOR MERCY. THE PIRATE CAPTAIN HIMSELF RETREATED UP INTO THE RIGGING, WITH JONATHAN FLYNN AT HIS HEELS, SWINGING HIS MUSKET LIKE A CLUB.

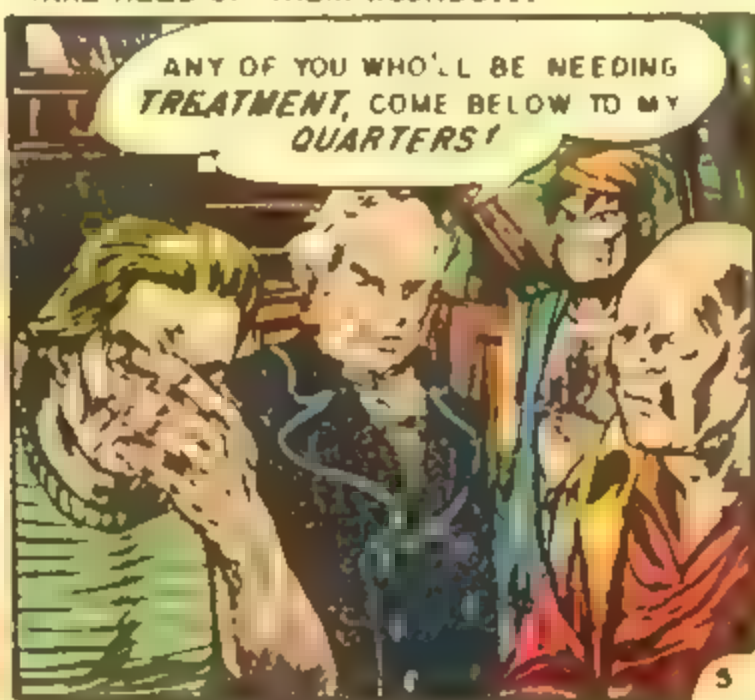
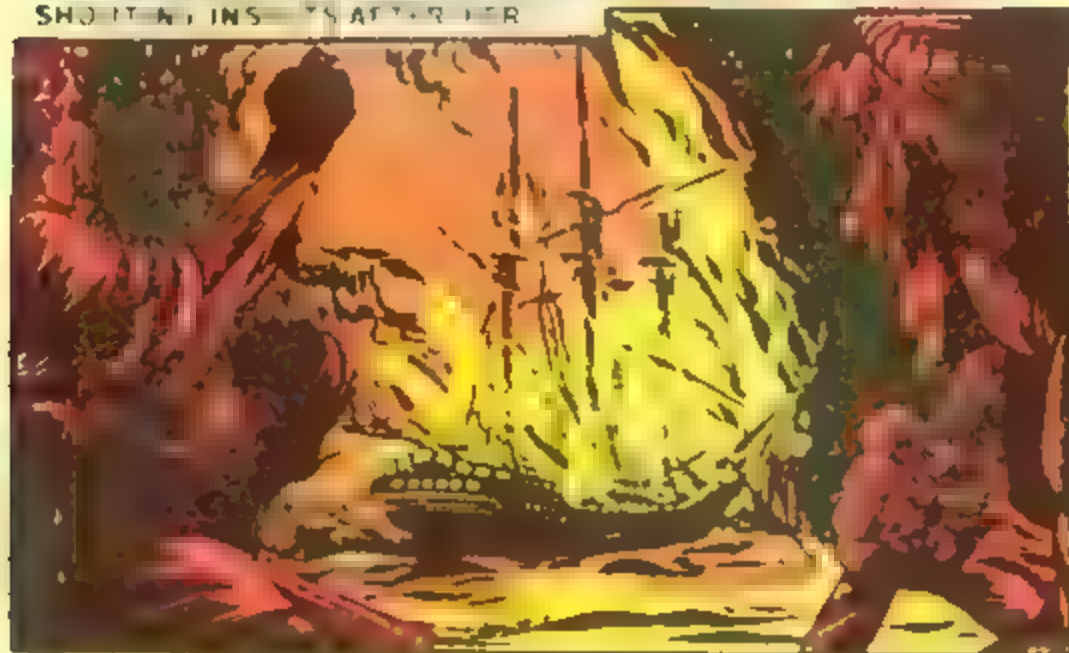
SOON, WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE ONCE FEARED BUCCANEERS COVERED AFT, A BEATEN SORRY-LOOKING LOT. THEN JIM ASHLEY TURNED ONE OF THEIR OWN CANNON DOWN AND BLEW A HOLE CLEAN THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF THE SHIP...



BEFORE THE CREW RETURNED TO *THE STAR*, OUR MEN PUT THE TORCH TO THE PIRATE VESSEL. THEN, FLUSHED WITH VICTORY, THEY SLASHED THE ROPES THAT'D HELD HER TO US. SHE DRIFTED AWAY, BURNING FURIOUSLY AND SETTLING QUICKLY... THE MEN SHOUTED INSATISFACTION.



ONLY AFTER THE LAST RIPPLE CLOSED IN OVER HER MASTHEAD, DID THE MEN FINALLY TAKE HEED OF THEIR WOUNDS...



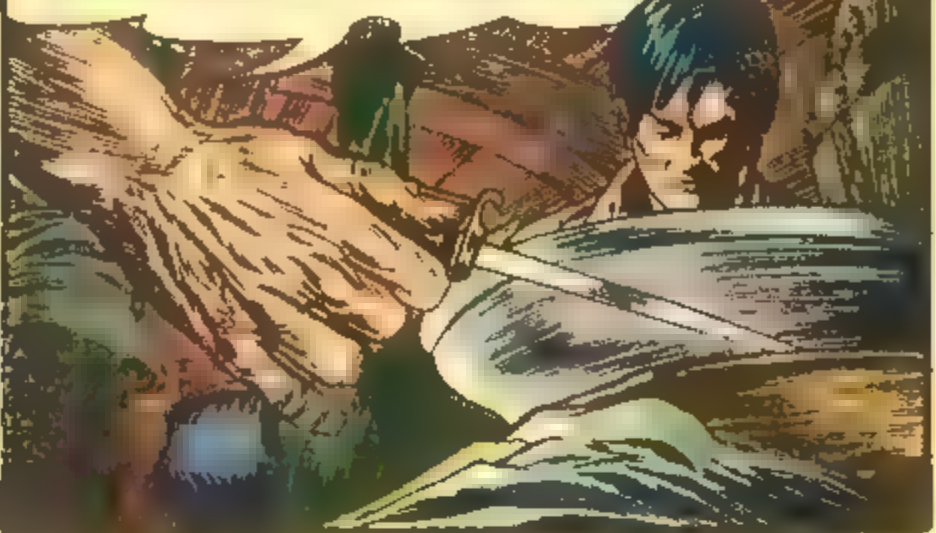
THE WOUNDED CAME INTO MY CRUDE DISPENSARY ONE AT A TIME AND I TENDED THEM AS BEST I COULD. THE LAST TO COME STOOD SHYLY OUTSIDE MY CABIN DOOR

WHY... FLYNN! GOOD LORD! THAT'S A NASTY SLASH! COME IN MAN! COME IN!



FLYNN LOOKED FURTIVELY UP AND DOWN THE PASSAGEWAY, ENTERED HURRIEDLY, AND SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. HIS FACE WAS CONTORTED IN AGONY. TEARS STREAMED DOWN HIS CHEEKS. I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO CRY LIKE A BABY...

LOOK HERE, FLYNN! YOU'VE BEEN A BRAVE HERO! DON'T GO TO PIECES NOW!



THERE WAS A GREAT STOMACH GASH. FLYNN BRACED HIMSELF... BIT HIS LOWER LIP... AND I SET TO WORK SEWING UP THE CUT...

STEADY MAN! IT'LL BE ALL OVER IN A MINUTE!



WHEN I WAS FINISHED, FLYNN SAT DOWN. THE TEARS WERE GONE. HE SMILED SADLY...

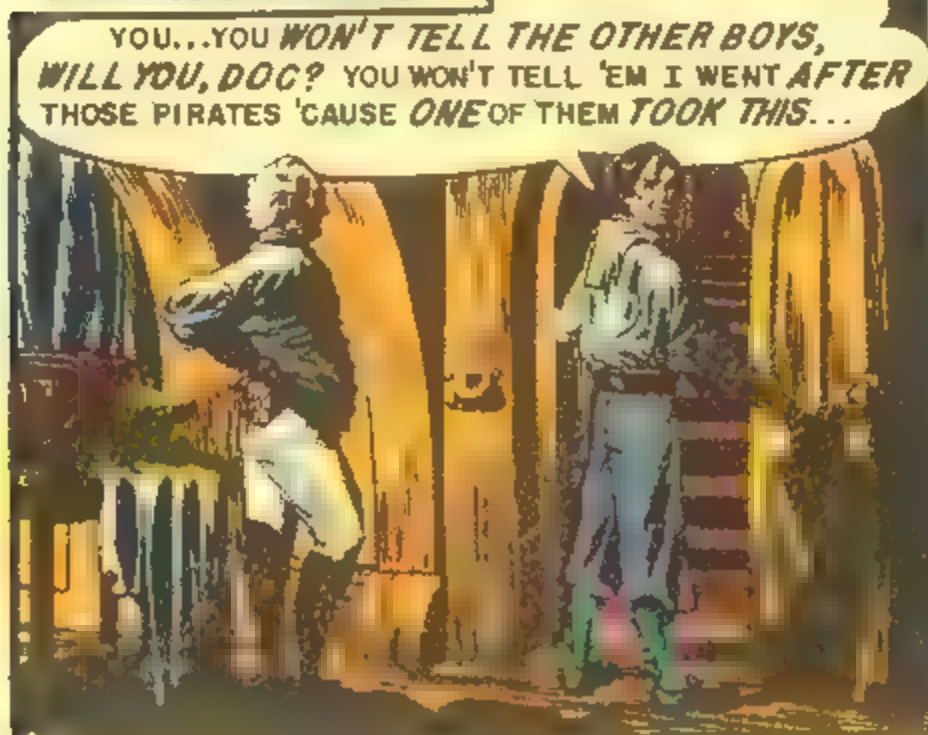
I'LL... I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR THIS, DOC. YOU... YOU DID A GOOD JOB! YOU CAN HARDLY SEE...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, FLYNN!



AFTER A WHILE, HE GOT UP AND STARTED FOR THE DOOR. JUST BEFORE HE STEPPED OUT INTO THE PASSAGEWAY, HE TURNED BACK TO ME...

YOU... YOU WON'T TELL THE OTHER BOYS, WILL YOU, DOC? YOU WON'T TELL 'EM I WENT AFTER THOSE PIRATES 'CAUSE ONE OF THEM TOOK THIS...



HE HELD UP THAT ANCIENT RAG DOLL OF HIS. FLYNN WAS RIGHT. YOU COULD HARDLY SEE WHERE I'D SEWN UP THE CUTLASS SLASH ACROSS IT'S STOMACH...

... AN' I WANTED IT BACK!



THE END 6

SALVAGE

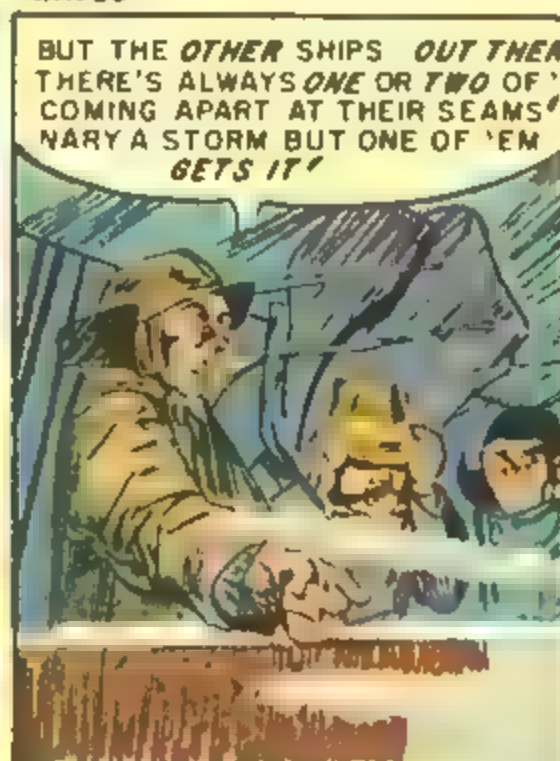
THERE WERE TOUGH HARDENED SEA CAPTAINS BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN SAILING SHIPS PLOWED THE MIGHTY ATLANTIC WITH THEIR CARGOES SEAMEN WITH ICE IN THEIR VEINS AND GRANITE IN THEIR HEARTS BUT THERE WAS NONE SO CRUEL NOR SO AVARICIOUS AS CAPTAIN EBENEZER BRYSON, MASTER OF THE GOOD SHIP *FLAMINGO* CAPTAIN BRYSON WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR MONEY *ANYTHING* THAT WAS WHY, AS THE *FLAMINGO* PITCHED AND ROLLED IN A STORMY SEA 300 MILES OFF CHARLESTON, CAPTAIN BRYSON STOOD AT THE RAIL ON THE QUARTER DECK AND SMILED.



THE FIRST CLASS PASSENGERS STARED AT CAPTAIN BRYSON WONDERINGLY.



THE CAPTAIN SNEERED OUT AT THE MOUNTAINOUS WAVES



HOW, GENTLEMEN? SALVAGE! NATURALLY LANDLUBBERS LIKE YOURSELVES WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT SALVAGE! IT'S A BUSINESS IN ITSELF!



SAY A SHIP FOUNDERS A SHIP WITH A FAT, RICH CARGO. IF THAT SHIP GOES TO THE BOTTOM, IT TAKES WITH IT NOT ONLY LIVES BUT WEALTH!



BUT SAY, LO AND BEHOLD, A RESCUE VESSEL. LIKE THE FLAMINGO HOVES INTO SIGHT, STANDS BY THE SHIP, AND TRANSFERS TO ITSELF THE DOOMED SHIP'S CARGO!



THEN I, AS MASTER OF THAT RESCUE VESSEL, AM ENTITLED TO A HANDSOME REWARD FOR SAVING THAT CARGO! HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR ME, ALL WOULD'VE BEEN LOST!



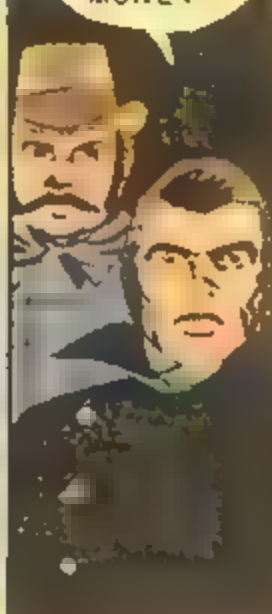
YOU... YOU SPEAK OF CARGO, CAPTAIN! WHAT ABOUT HUMAN LIFE? WHAT ABOUT THE CREW?



NOT WORTH A DIME! ALL OF 'EM. PUT TOGETHER! ACCORDING TO MARITIME LAW, THE SAVING OF HUMAN LIFE, BEING A SUPPOSED MORAL OBLIGATION, IS NOT REWARDED, SINCE NO VALUE CAN BE PUT ON LIFE! FUNNY, ISN'T IT?



VERY! IT'S A GOOD THING MEN DO PUT HUMAN LIFE BEFORE MONEY



...OR ELSE NO PASSENGER OR CREW MAN WOULD BE SAVED BEFORE A BARREL OF TACK OR A CASE OF SILK! WELL, WE'RE GOING BELOW, CAPTAIN! THE STORM'S TOO MUCH FOR US.



AYE! I ADVISE YOU TO STICK CLOSE TO YOUR CABINS! THIS SEA'S GETTING ROUGHER!



CAPTAIN BRYSON WATCHED HIS PASSENGERS STUMBLE OFF THEN HE TURNED TO A HATCHWAY, CALLING DOWN...

HANSON! HOW ARE THE FOLKS IN THE HOLD FARING?



SEE FOR YOURSELF, CAPN!



CAPTAIN BRYSON DESCENDED THE STAIRS TO THE HOLD AND GLANCED AROUND . .

THEY'RE IN UTTER MISERY, CAP'N. ALL OF 'EM! THE STORM'S MADE 'EM SICK T' DEATH. THERE'S NO AIR DOWN HERE AND THEY'RE NOT USED TO THE PITCHIN' AND TOSSIN' OF A SHIP IN A STORM.

THAT'S THEIR PROBLEM! THEY PAID FOR STEERAGE! AS LONG AS THE FLAMINGO SPRINGS NO LEAKS, THEY CAN COME INTO CHARLESTON HALF DEAD, FOR ALL I CARE!

BUT THEY'RE HUMAN BEINGS, CAP'N! THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS PITY THE POOR SOULS

IDIOT! STOW YOUR SENTIMENTAL DRIVE, TO ME, THEY'RE NOTHIN' BUT CARGO! TO ME, THEY'RE DOLLARS AN' CENTS!



WHAT ISN'T DOLLARS AND CENTS TO YOU, CAP'N?

NOTHIN'! AND THE SOONER YOU LEARN ABOUT ME AND THIS SHIP, HANSON, THE LONGER YOU'LL STAY AS FIRST MATE! GIVE ME ANY MORE OF YOUR SENTIMENTAL BILGE-WATER AND YOU'LL LOOK ELSEWHERE FOR A BERTH!

AND SO THE FLAMINGO LURCHED AND SHUDDERED THROUGH THE STORM WITH ITS CAPTAIN EAGERLY PEERING THROUGH THE FURY...

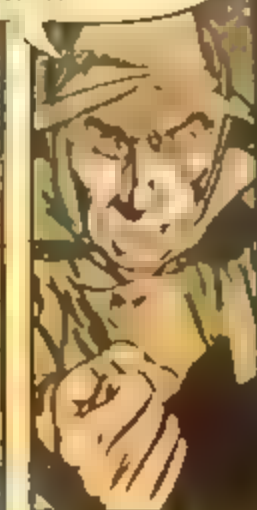
CURSE MY LUCK! NOT A SIGN OF A SAIL OR A WRECK! HAVE THEY ALL GONE UNDER? OR IS MINE THE ONLY SHIP AT SEA?

I HOPE IT IS FOR THEIR SAKE! I PITY ANY SHIP YOU SAVE!

THAT DOES IT! YOU'RE THROUGH, HANSON! IF THE BRIG WASN'T BEING USED, I'D HAVE YOU THROWN INTO IT!

YES, YOU WERE SO GREEDY, YOU EVEN USED THAT FOR YOUR PAYING FARES!

SAIL HO!



THE CRY CAME FROM MASTHEAD, INTERRUPTING THE ANGRY ARGUMENT BETWEEN THE CAPTAIN AND HIS MATE

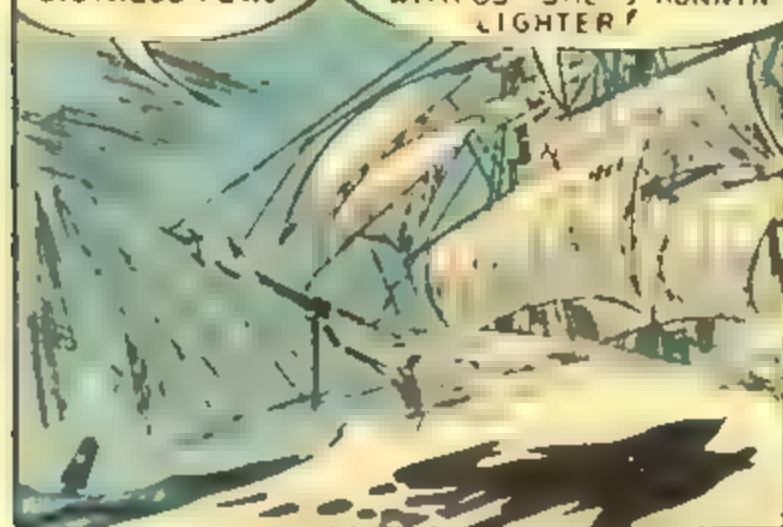
AS THE STORM DIMINISHED, THE FLAMINGO WAS BROUGHT ALONGSIDE THE FOUNDERING BETSY ANN

A MERCHANTMAN! NAME O' THE 'BETSY ANN'! SHE'S IN TROUBLE! SHE'S FLYIN' A DISTRESS FLAG!

DISTRESS, MY FOOT! SHE'S SINKIN'! SHE'S PART WAY UNDER NOW! HANSON! ORDER THE CREW INTO THE RIGGING! BRING THE FLAMINGO AROUND! THE SEAS WITH US! SHE'S RUNNIN' LIGHTER!

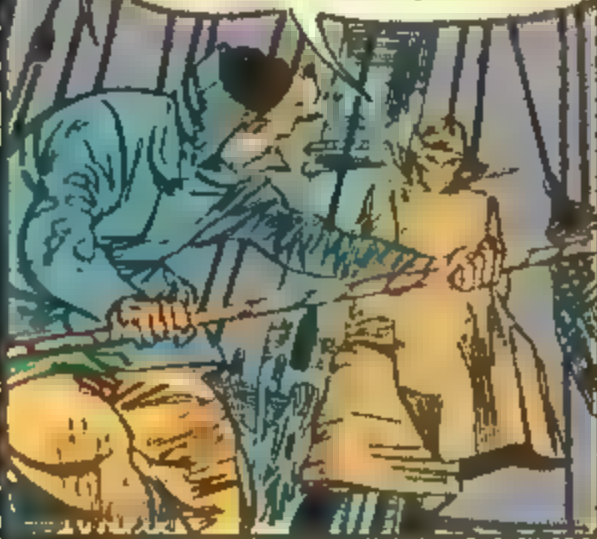
AYE, AYE, SIR!

GET A LINE ABOARD 'ER AND STAND BY TO RIG FOR SALVAGE OPERATIONS! WE'RE TAKIN' HER CARGO ABOARD!



THE FIRST MATE OF THE FLAMINGO
TURNED TO HIS CAPTAIN IN HORROR...

C-CARGO? WHAT ABOUT HER CREW? SHE CAN'T STAY AFLOAT LONG!
THAT'S HER CREW'S WORRY! I DON'T TAKE A MAN ABOARD UNTIL THEY'VE TRANSFERRED THEIR CARGO! THAT'S HOW THEY CAN PAY ME BACK FOR RESCUING THEM! YOU HAVE MY ORDERS, HANSON!



WHEN THE CAPTAIN OF THE DOOMED
VESSEL LEARNED OF BRYSON'S
PLANS...

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, MAN! WE'RE SINKING! WE'LL NEVER HAVE TIME TO UNLOAD HER!
THAT'S YOUR HEADACHE! BETTER START PRAYING AS YOU SEND OVER YOUR CARGO!



CAPTAIN! WHERE IS YOUR HEART? WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO YOU? HUMAN LIFE, OR A FEW DOLLARS?



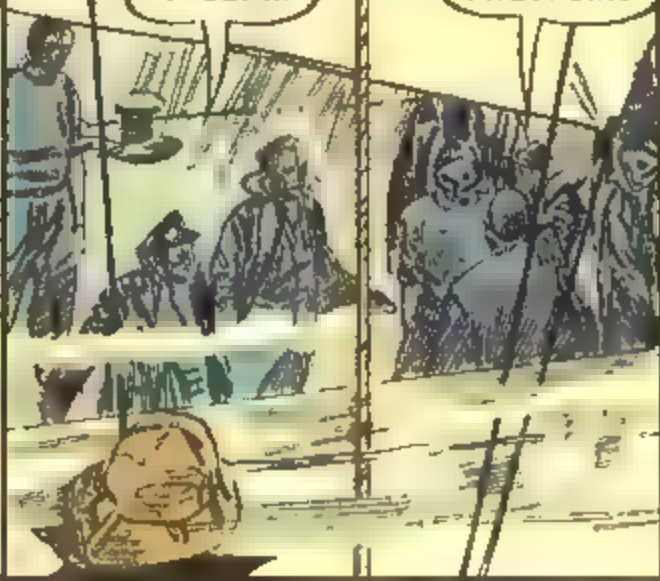
MISTER, I'M A BUSINESS MAN, NOT A PHILANTHROPIST! MARITIME LAW WON'T AWARD ME A NICKEL IF I SAVE THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU! IF YOU DON'T LIKE RULES, CHANGE 'EM WHEN YOU GET BACK TO CHARLESTON!



NOW WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE? EVERY SECOND YOU WASTE IS ANOTHER NAIL IN YOUR COFFINS!

YOU MURDERING SWINE! YOU'VE GOT US TRAPPED! HEAVEN HELP YOU WHEN WE GET BACK TO CHARLESTON! ANDERS! GIVE THE ORDER...

ALL HANDS! INTO THE HOLD! START UNLOADING!



THE MEN OF THE SINKING VESSEL WORKED FEVERISHLY, UNLOADING HER CARGO, AS THE WATER IN THE HOLD ROSE STEADILY

SHE CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER, SIR!



WE'RE HELPLESS, ANDERS! WE'RE AT HIS MERCY! WORK FASTER! OUR LIVES DEPEND ON IT!

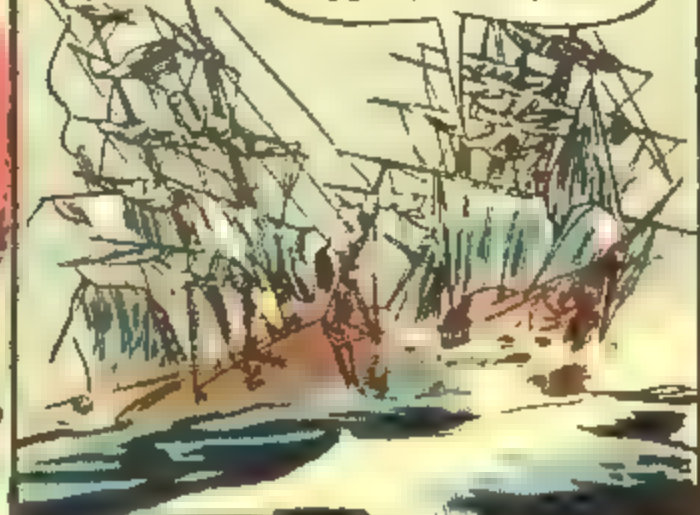


PAINFULLY SLOWLY... BARREL BY BARREL... CRATE BY CRATE... THE CARGO WAS SHIFTED FROM THE BETSY ANN TO THE FLAMINGO...

ON THE DECK OF THE FLAMINGO, HANSON, THE FIRST MATE, PLEADED...

BRYSON! LISTEN TO ME! YOU'VE GOT ALMOST HALF OUR CARGO! BE SATISFIED! THE WATER IN THE HOLD IS UP TO OUR NECKS! TAKE US ABOARD!

STOP BELLY-ACHING, FRIEND! WE'RE HELPING YOU... BY LIGHTENING YOUR LOAD! KEEP PASSING THAT CARGO!



CAP'N! FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN! TRANSFER THE CREW! THE BETSY ANN'S LISTING! SHE'LL GO DOWN ANY MINUTE! HAVE SOME PITY!



YOU AGAIN, HANSON! I TOLD YOU I HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR PREACHING!



MAYBE YOU'LL...
UHH...KEEP YOUR
MOUTH SHUT NOW!



CAP'N! LOOK!
SHE'S... SHE'S
HEELIN' OVER!



WITH A SUCKING SIGH, THE *BETSY ANN* BEGAN TO ROLL, HER
TIMBERS CREAKING AND SCREAMING IN DISCORD WITH THE
SHRIEKS OF HER CREW...



SHE'S CAPSIZIN'!



GOOD LORD!



THOSE THAT WERE TRAPPED BELOW, IN HER HOLD, NEVER HAD A CHANCE! THOSE WHO WERE ON DECK OR IN HER RIGGING WERE PITCHED LIKE PEBBLES INTO THE ROILING SEA, ONLY TO BE SUCKED DOWN ALONG WITH HER AS SHE SLID BELOW THE WAVES...

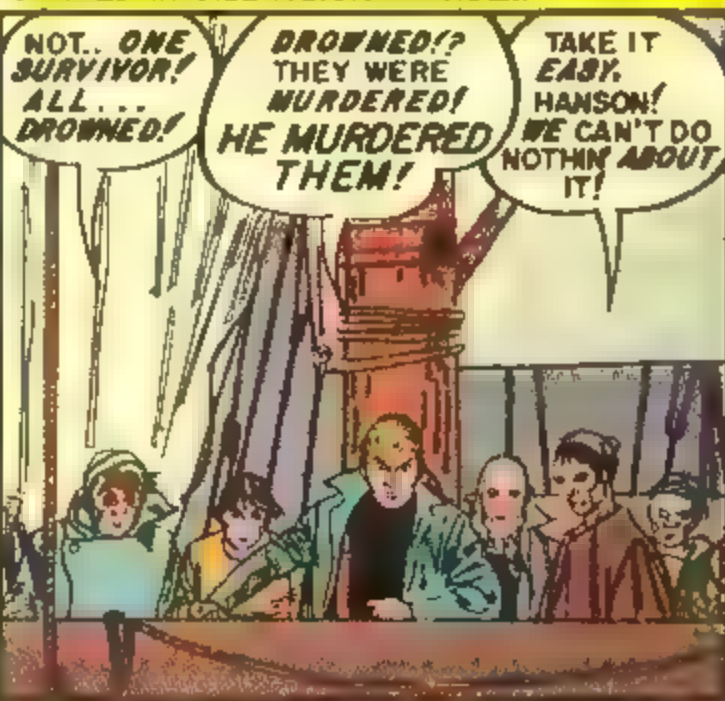
FOR A LONG WHILE, THE WATER CHURNED OVER THE SPOT WHERE THE *BETSY ANN* HAD DISAPPEARED. THE CREW OF THE *FLAMINGO* STARED IN SILENCE, SICK INSIDE...



YAAAAHHHH...



HELP US! HELP US!
OH... LORD...



NOT... ONE
SURVIVOR!
ALL...
DROWNED!

DROWNED!?
THEY WERE
MURDERED!
HE MURDERED
THEM!

TAKE IT
EASY,
HANSON!
WE CAN'T DO
NOTHIN' ABOUT
IT!

JOHN HANSON'S EYES NARROWED AS HE STARED AT HIS CAPTAIN...

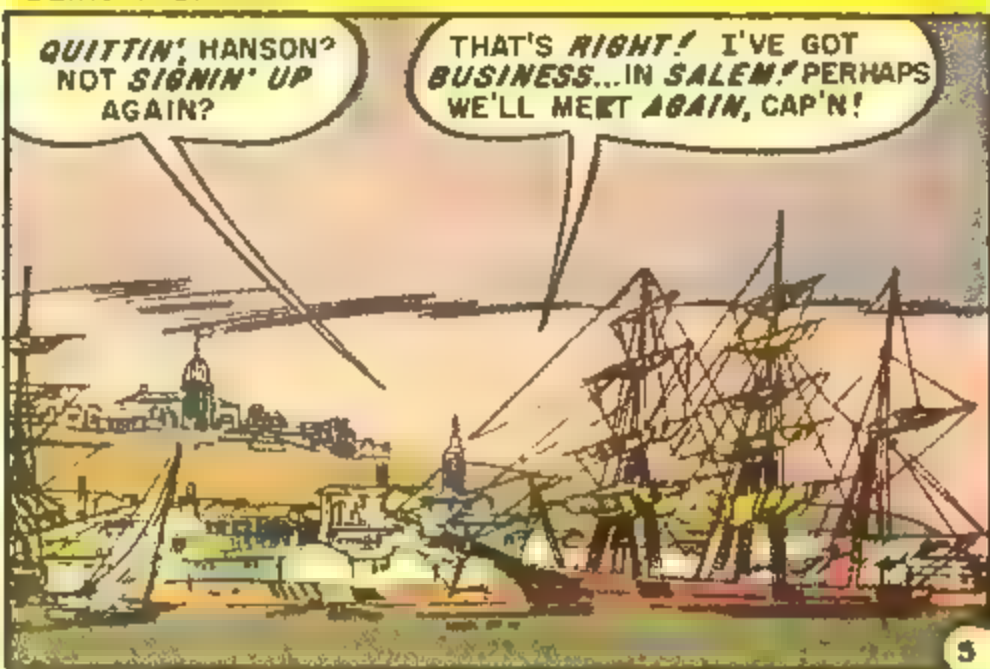


NO! THAT'S RIGHT! WE CAN'T DO
NOTHIN' ABOUT IT! NOT NOW!
BUT SOMEDAY... SOMEDAY HE'LL
GET HIS!

MISTER
HANSON!
GIVE THE
ORDER TO
LAY ALOFT
AND UNFURL
THE SAILS!



TWO WEEKS LATER, IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, CAPTAIN BRYSON WATCHED WITH A WRY SMILE AS JOHN HANSON GRIMLY LEFT THE *FLAMINGO* WITH HIS GEAR ALONG WITH THE PASSENGERS, GLARING AT THE SALVAGED CARGO BEING UNLOADED...



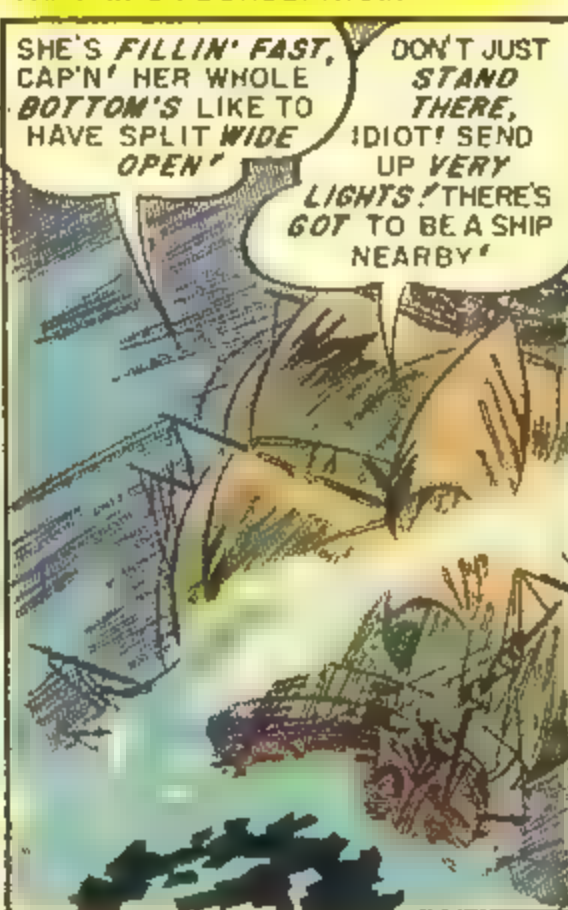
QUITTIN', HANSON?
NOT SIGNIN' UP
AGAIN?

THAT'S RIGHT! I'VE GOT
BUSINESS... IN SALEM! PERHAPS
WE'LL MEET AGAIN, CAP'N!

JOHN HANSON TRAVELLED NORTH TO SALEM AND CAPTAIN EBENEZER BRYSON SOON FORGOT HIM. THE MONTHS PASSED. ONE DAY, THE *FLAMINGO* WAS RETURNING TO CHARLESTON WITH A CARGO OF SLAVES WHEN IT RAN INTO A STORM. ONCE AGAIN, CAPTAIN BRYSON GLOATED AT THE PROSPECT OF SALVAGE...



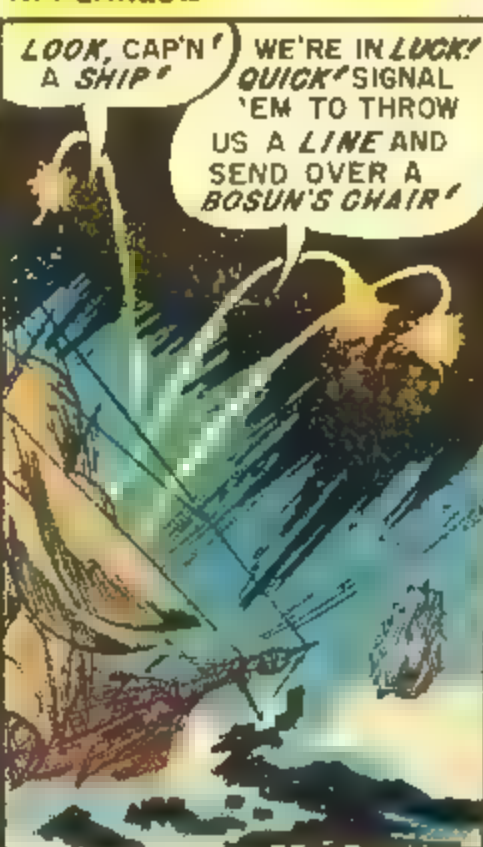
BUT TO HIS DISMAY, HE SOON LEARNED THAT IT WAS *HIS* SHIP THAT WAS FOUNDERING...



SHE'S FILLIN' FAST, CAP'N! HER WHOLE BOTTOM'S LIKE TO HAVE SPLIT WIDE OPEN!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, IDIOT! SEND UP VERY LIGHTS! THERE'S GOT TO BE A SHIP NEARBY!

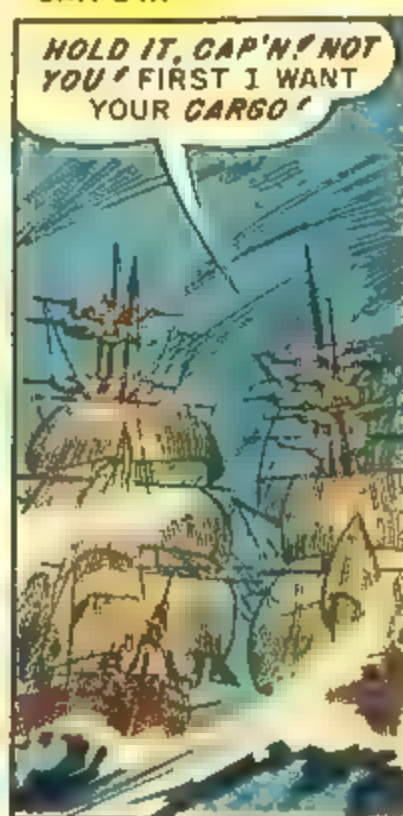
AS DISTRESS ROCKET AFTER DISTRESS ROCKET FLARED UPWARD INTO THE RAGING WIND, A SAIL SUDDENLY APPEARED...



LOOK, CAP'N! A SHIP!

WE'RE IN LUCK! QUICK! SIGNAL 'EM TO THROW US A LINE AND SEND OVER A BOSUN'S CHAIR!

BUT WHEN THE RESCUE VESSEL CAME ALONG-SIDE AND THE BOSUN'S CHAIR RIG WAS SET UP BETWEEN THE TWO SHIPS...



HOLD IT, CAP'N! NOT YOU! FIRST I WANT YOUR CARGO!

CARGO FIRST? ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? I'M THE CAPTAIN! YOU'VE GOT TO RESCUE ME FIRST! THE CARGO IS SLAVES! AND THE SHIP IS TAKING ON WATER!



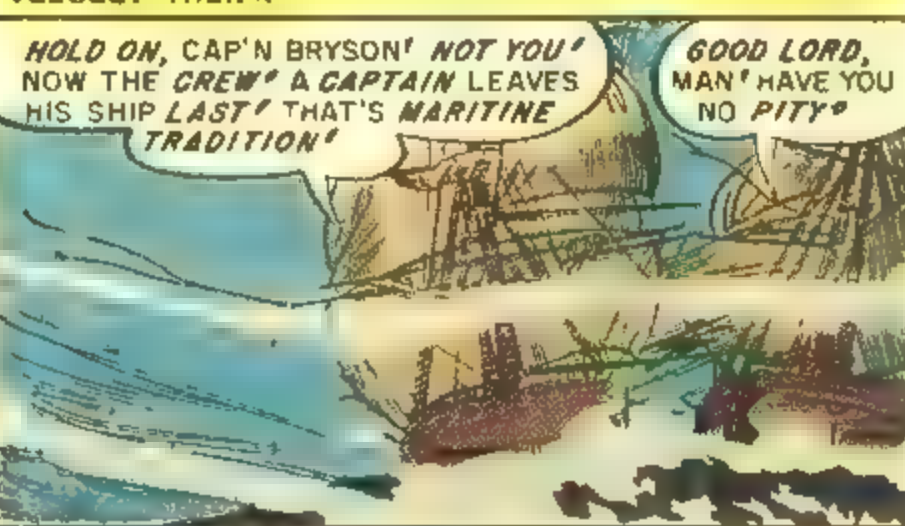
THEN USE YOUR PUMPS! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, BRYSON! ONLY PROPERTY HAS SALVAGE VALUE! SLAVES ARE PROPERTY! THEY'RE GOING TO BE BROUGHT ACROSS FIRST! I'M A BUSINESS MAN... NOT A PHILANTHROPIST!

THE MEMBERS OF THE CREW WENT NEXT. THE *FLAMINGO* LISTED. FINALLY, HIS SHIP CLEARED OF CARGO AND CREW, CAPTAIN BRYSON STARTED INTO THE BOSUN'S CHAIR. THEN, WITH A SNAP, THE LIFE-LINE PARTED.



HELP! OH, LORD! HELP! SEND OVER ANOTHER LINE! PLEASE

THERE WAS SOMETHING HAUNTINGLY FAMILIAR ABOUT THE VOICE THAT DRIFTED THROUGH THE WIND. BUT CAPTAIN BRYSON WAS TOO FRIGHTENED TO THINK ABOUT THAT NOW. THE SLAVES WERE BROUGHT UP FROM BELOW AND, ONE BY ONE, TRANSFERRED TO THE RESCUE VESSEL. THEN...



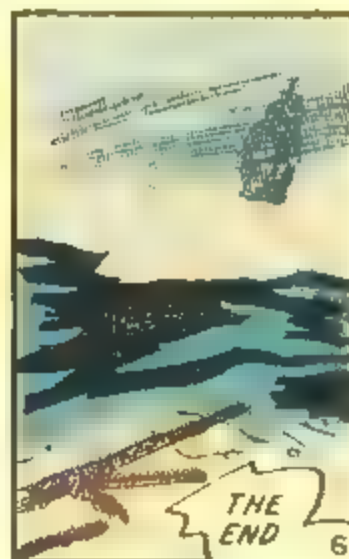
HOLD ON, CAP'N BRYSON! NOT YOU! NOW THE CREW! A CAPTAIN LEAVES HIS SHIP LAST! THAT'S MARITIME TRADITION!

GOOD LORD, MAN! HAVE YOU NO PITY?

THERE WAS NO TIME TO SET UP A NEW LINE! THE *FLAMINGO* SHUDDERED AND SANK WITH ITS SHRIEKING CAPTAIN. IRONICALLY, EBENEZER BRYSON HAD FALLEN PREY TO HIS OWN EVIL PHILOSOPHY AS HE HAD LIVED, SO HAD HE DIED.



YAAAAAAHHH...



THE END

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BREAKERS ON THE SHORE

The editors of Piracy are constantly training a weather eye on current events in the hope of turning up some intrepid exploits of the sea. Some hearty souls have taken off in cheese box variations of the Kon-Tiki. You wouldn't read about these would-be Magellans in the 'Ship Departures' section, but occasionally you'll get a photo of the benevolent Coast Guard towing them back to port. Few of these nebulous navigators . . . who wouldn't know a boathook from an oriental back-scratcher . . . get any more *outward bound* than Hell's Gate. If there is any truth to the adage that competent explorers *never* have adventures, the masters of *these* vacillating crafts would have one hand on the tiller, one on the mainsail, and one on the distress pendant.

However, there occurred one feat of daring and endurance last June, an undeniable conflict between man and Mare Nostrum of the west coast . . . the Pacific!

Paul Stader, forty-three year old stunt man of the movies is worthy of our citation and commendation. He was the only survivor among three men aboard a cruiser that sank off the west coast. Coast Guard spokesmen marvelled at Mr. Stader's superb endurance that brought him to shore after a desperate *ten-mile swim* through heavy seas. When he stumbled ashore at Catalina's Emerald Bay after *twenty-one* hours in the water, he implored aid for his buddies who were "out there" and then collapsed from exhaustion.

The Coast Guard launched an immediate search for the other two men who were aboard the eighteen-foot Tinker Toy IV with Mr. Stader when it sank on that fateful Saturday, ten miles off the island in Catalina channel. Missing were Hugo Walters, thirty-one, another movie stunt man and ex-life-guard, and Don McGuire, twenty-seven, of Hollywood.

The swimming fins that Mr. Stader wore on his struggle to reach shore were cited as

a most vital factor in his survival. All we have to say is . . . swimming fins are quite inanimate, unless *powered* by determined leg muscles!

.

Carleton J. West jr., a twenty-four year old law student of the University of Minnesota made a heroic dive for which he was subsequently "decorated." On the evening of June 16, 1954, Mr. West stopped his car on a Mississippi River bridge and went to the rescue of a woman who had just leaped from the span.

Mr. West ran down the bank, dove into the water and pulled the woman out. He managed to revive her with artificial respiration until an ambulance arrived.

When Carleton West returned to his car, he found it tagged for illegal parking on the bridge. A worthy "test case" for *any* aspiring counselor!

.

Recently, despite our strained diplomatic relations with other countries, Coast Guard authorities assured us that we have certain "friends" outside our domestic confines. An Arctic expert says that icebergs are the "friend of the polar navigator and not to be feared."

Capt. Charles W. Thomas, a veteran Arctic seaman, states that since seven-eighths of an iceberg is submerged, the huge ice mass is propelled by sea currents . . . not wind. Therefore, the captain reveals, "it gives the sailor a means of determining current direct in a sea covered with upwards to one hundred feet of ice."

Captain Thomas also noted that on many polar trips he has tied his ship to a moving iceberg and let the berg run interference for him through ice fields and through fields where smaller icebergs represented navigational hazards.

The Captain's attitude of "love me . . . love my iceberg" seems entirely justified!

THE KEG

YOU'RE STANDING THE DOG WATCH. THE SUN HAS SET AND THE GLITTERING POINTS OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS ARE JUST BEGINNING TO APPEAR IN THE DARKENING SKY ABOVE YOU. YOU STARE OUT ACROSS THE HEAVING SWELLS AND IT SEEMS TO YOU THAT TIME TURNS BACKWARD. IT SEEMS THAT YOU ARE STANDING ON THE DECK OF ANOTHER SHIP, IN ANOTHER DAY LONG PAST. THE BITTER MEMORIES COME CROWDING IN ON YOU SO THAT WHEN THE SECOND MATE PAUSES BEHIND YOU, YOUR FACE IS LIKE GRANITE AND YOUR EYES ARE GLOWING COALS..

I-I'VE COME TO RELIEVE YOU, MISTER HURD'

ONLY *DEATH* CAN RELIEVE ME, MISTER! ONLY *DEATH*..



YOU SPEAK THE WORDS MORE TO YOURSELF THAN TO THE MATE. YOU'RE STILL REMEMBERING. BUT THE WAY HE BACKS OFF...THE SUDDEN WARINESS IN HIS TENSE BODY..SNAPS YOU BACK TO REALITY.

DO I SEEM *STRANGE* TO YOU, MISTER? I DON'T *MEAN* TO FRIGHTEN YOU!



F-FRIGHTEN ME? Y-YOU? WHY SHOULD YOU FRIGHTEN ME?

WHY?! BECAUSE OF THE TALES! WHY ELSE?! YOU'VE HEARD THEM! I KNOW! THE CREW WHISPERS ABOUT ME! THEY SAY THE FIRST MATE IS *QUEER*... *MAD*!



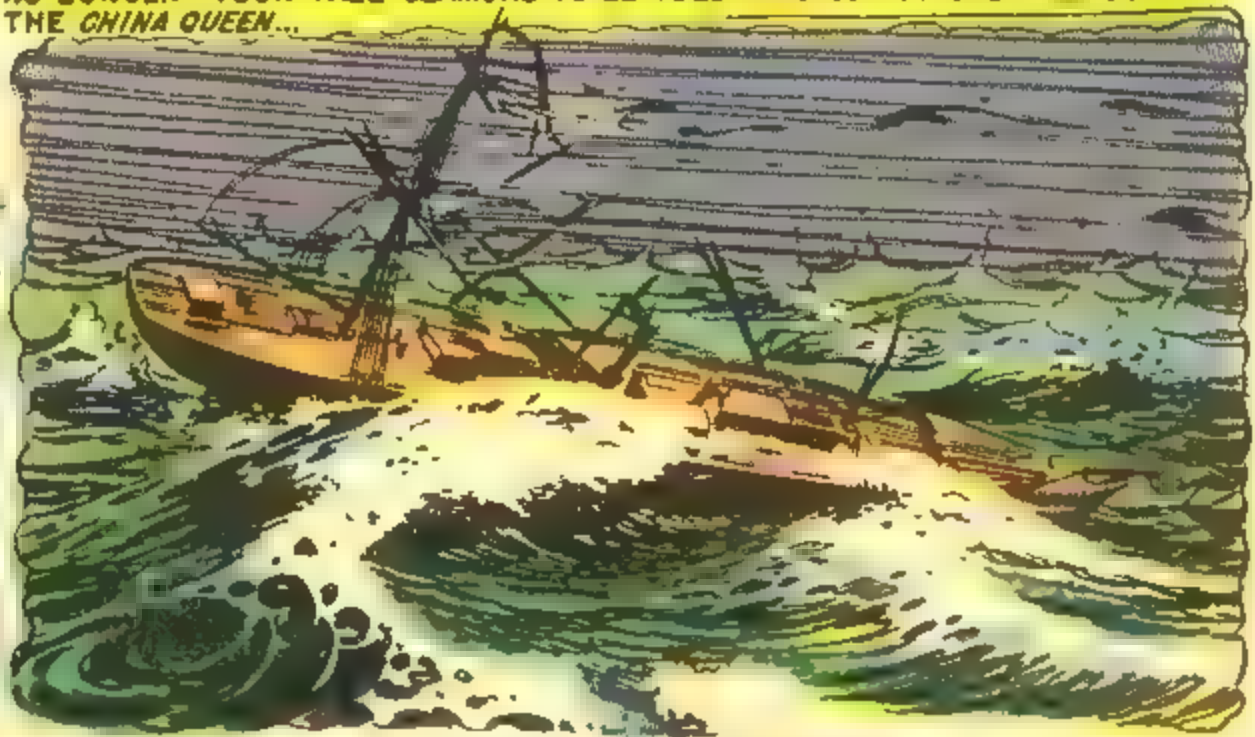
GEORGE EVANS

YOU GRIP THE GUNWALE RAIL AND
YOU TURN AWAY...

WELL, I'M NOT MAD, MISTER! I'M
SICK! SICK WITH A SICKNESS FOR
WHICH THERE IS NO CURE! IT
BEGAN JUST HERE... IN THESE
VERY WATERS... TEN YEARS AGO!
IT WAS HERE THAT I LEARNED
TO HATE



YOU'RE SUDDENLY PUZZLED. WHY DO YOU SPEAK NOW... AFTER SO LONG?
YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND. YOU KNOW ONLY THAT YOU CAN REGRET IN SILENCE
NO LONGER! YOUR TALE CLAMORS TO BE TOLD! AND SO YOU SPEAK ABOUT
THE CHINA QUEEN...



SHE WAS THE FIRST SHIP YOU'D EVER SERVED ON AS AN
OFFICER. THE CHINA QUEEN. SHE'D BEEN A PROUD SHIP, AND
THE HURRICANE HAD TAKEN THAT PRIDE AND BROKEN IT AND
LEFT HER A SHATTERED, DRIFTING HULK...

I'VE CHECKED THE DAMAGE.
IT'S BAD! THE HOLD IS FLOODED.
WE'VE LOST OUR RUDDER AND...

ABOARD MY SHIP YOU'LL
SALUTE BEFORE ADDRESS-
SING ME, MR. HURD! AND
YOU'LL TACK A 'SIR' ONTO
ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO
SAY!



AYE, SIR! ER ABOUT
THE SHIP 'SIR! OUR
WATER CASKS ARE
STOVEN! THE ONLY
FRESH WATER
ABOARD IS IN
YOUR PERSONAL
KEG!

SO? SET THE MEN TO
CLEARING THE DECKS,
MR. HURD! AND WHEN
THEY'VE FINISHED THAT,
THEY CAN POLISH THE
BRASS! KEEP 'EM BUSY!



BUSY!? SIR, WE'RE
A HULK! THERE'S
BARELY ENOUGH
UNSPOILED FOOD
TO LAST A WEEK!
AND NO WATER
SAVE WHAT'S IN
THAT KEG! THE
MEN WON'T

THE MEN WILL
DO AS THEY'RE
TOLD! I'M MAS-
TER HERE, AND
YOU AND THE
OTHERS HAD BEST
REMEMBER IT!
CARRY OUT
MY ORDERS!
KEEP 'EM BUSY!



A HARD MAN, CAP'N SMOLLENS. YOU'D KNOWN THAT FROM THE FIRST DAY
YOU'D SAILED. BUT AFTER THE STORM, THE MAN WAS INHUMAN. HE DROVE
THE CREW LIKE BEASTS, WHILE THE DEAD CALM BAKED THEM AND THEIR
THROATS PARCHED...

THE DIRTY SLAVE DRIVER! LOOK AT
HIM! HE'S NOT HUNGRY! HOW DO WE
KNOW HOW MUCH HE EATS WHILE HE
RATIONS OUT A BISCUIT A DAY TO US?

AYE! A BISCUIT.. AND NO WATER!
BUT HE'LL NOT DIE OF THIRST!
NOT HIM! HE HAS THAT KEG IN
HIS CABIN!



HE WAS THE DEVIL'S OWN, WAS CAP'N SMOLLENS. THE MEN STARVED AND HE DOLED OUT RATIONS LIKE A MISER. THEY THIRSTED AND THE WATER KEG REMAINED IN HIS CABIN. FINALLY THEY WENT TO HIM TO PLEAD

ABANDON MY SHIP? NEVER! WE STAY ABOARD! GET BACK TO WORK! I GIVE THE ORDERS ON THIS VESSEL! IF ANY MAN THINKS DIFFERENT, LET HIM SPEAK!

PLEASE, CAP'N! THE MEN ARE ONLY TRYING TO THINK OF A WAY OUT! THEY CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE!



THEY MUST HAVE WATER! THAT KEG! IT'S ONLY FAIR! SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE! IF YOU'D

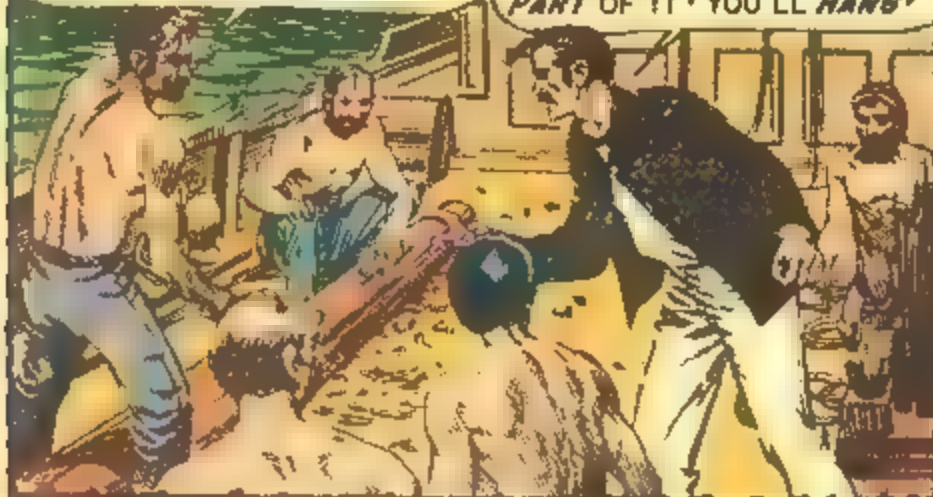
WHAT'S IN THAT KEG IS MINE! AS FOR ABANDONING SHIP, I SAY NO! BACK TO WORK! ALL OF YOU! OR YOU'LL NOT EVEN LIVE TO DIE OF THIRST!



HE DROVE THEM OUT, AND THEREAFTER HE WENT ARMED. AND SO THE HEAT BAKED THE HEARTS OUT OF YOU AND THE OTHERS AND THE THIRST CLAWED AT YOUR THROATS UNTIL THE CREW COULD ENDURE IT NO MORE.

MISTER HURD, IT'S THE ONLY WAY! THE HURRICANE DROVE US OFF THE TRADE ROUTE! IF WE TOOK THE LONGBOAT, WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANGE!

AYE! YOU MIGHT BE PICKED UP! BUT THEN YOU MIGHT NOT! AND WHAT YOU'RE TALKING IS MUTINY! I'LL HAVE NO PART OF IT! YOU'LL HANG!



BETTER A QUICK DEATH IF WE'RE CAUGHT THAN A SLOW ONE FROM THIRST! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH! WE'LL NOT GO DRY WHILE HE SITS IN HIS CABIN DRINKING WATER THAT BELONGS TO ALL OF US!

NO! WAIT! BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING, LET ME TALK TO HIM! IF I GO ALONE, HE MAY LISTEN TO REASON!



THE CREW HATED SMOLLENS, YOU FELT IT TOO. YET YOU WERE ABLE TO SPEAK TO THE CAPTAIN CALMLY BECAUSE THE HATE WAS NOT YET A BURNING, LIVING THING INSIDE YOU. BUT HE JUST SMILED...

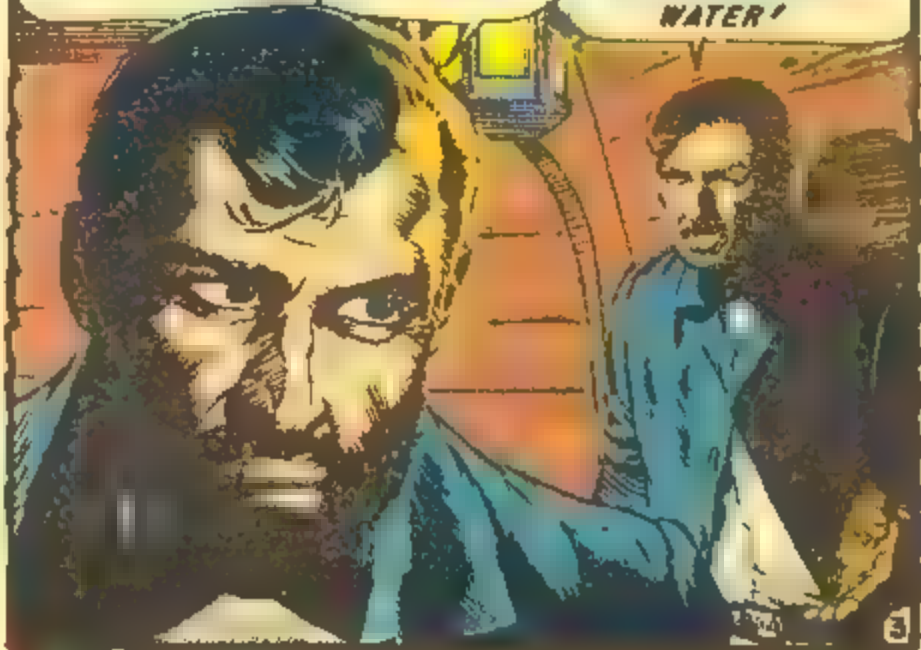
SO IT'S MUTINY THEY'RE THINKING OF, EH, MISTER? I'VE GOT THE ANSWER TO THAT! POWDER AND BALL! KEEP THEM AT WORK!

BUT I CAN'T, SIR! IT'S NOT HUMAN! THE MEN ARE DYING!



THEY'LL NOT DIE! NOT AS LONG AS THERE'S WATER ON BOARD! THEY'LL KEEP HOPING... AND WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO GET HOLD OF IT! FO'C'SLE HANDS ARE LIKE THAT, MR. HURD!

THEN I FOR ONE WISH IT HAPPENS SOON! YOU'RE NOT FIT TO COMMAND! YOU DRINK, DON'T YOU? YOU HAVE WATER!



YOU LICKED YOUR DRY LIPS, AND SUDDENLY YOU REACHED FOR THE KEG...

I'VE TRIED TO REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE MY CAPTAIN, BUT YOU DON'T DESERVE 'SIRS' AND SALUTES! THE MEN WILL HAVE WATER, EVEN IF I HAVE TO TAKE IT BY FORCE!

I THINK NOT, MISTER...



YOU TRIED, BUT THE CAPTAIN MOVED QUICKLY. OF COURSE! HE WASN'T SLOWLY DYING OF THIRST! YOU CAME TO IN THE FOC'SLE...

SAWYER! WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED? THAT NOISE?! THAT'S GUN-FIRE!

AYE! 'TIS THE CREW! THEY'RE TAKING TO THE LONGBOAT AFTER THEY GET THE CAPTAIN'S KEG! I STAYED BEHIND TO BRING YOU ALONG!



YOU FOOLS! YOU CAN'T FACE A PISTOL! HE'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN LIKE DOGS! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

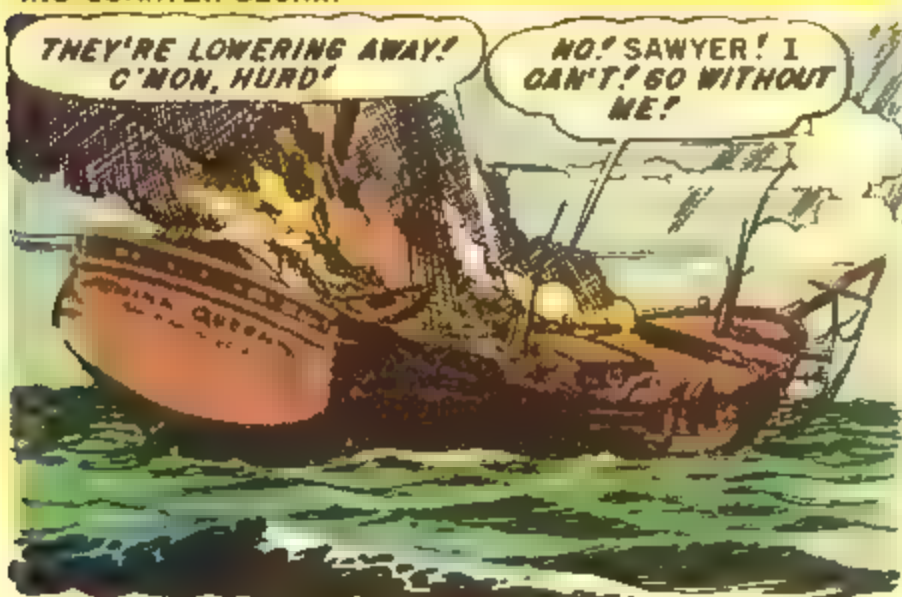
WE'LL MAKE IT! WE'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY...



AS YOU CAME UP ON DECK, YOUR EYES SWEEPED THE AWFUL SCENE. FIRE! THAT WAS THEIR PLAN. BURN HIM OUT! BUT THE CAPTAIN WAS STUBBORNLY FIGHTING THEM OFF... TRAPPED IN HIS CABIN BELOW THE BLAZING QUARTER DECK...

THEY'RE LOWERING AWAY! C'MON, HURD!

NO! SAWYER! I CAN'T GO WITHOUT ME!



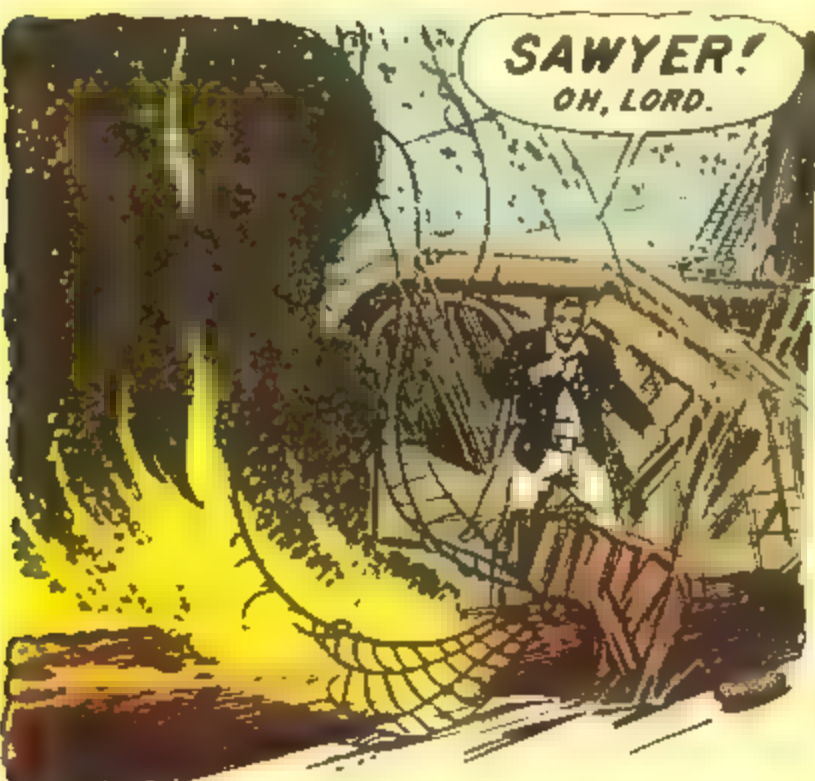
YOU STARTED TOWARD THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN. YOU COULDN'T LEAVE SMOLLENS TO DIE, NO MATTER WHAT HE WAS. SAWYER SHRUGGED AND RACED ACROSS THE DECK TOWARD THE STARBOARD GUNWALE. HE NEVER SAW THE FLAMING MAST TOPPLE...

WAIT FOR ME! I'M COMING! I..

SAWYER! LOOK OUT!



SAWYER! OH, LORD.



THE LONGBOAT PULLED AWAY AND YOU STRUGGLED TO EXTRICATE SAWYER FROM BELOW THE BURNING MAST. THEN YOU TURNED TO SEE CAPTAIN SMOLLENS EMERGE FROM HIS CABIN... HIS KEG OF WATER ON HIS SHOULDERS...

MY CONGRATULATIONS, MISTER HURD! I'D HAD HALF AN IDEA YOU'D GO WITH THOSE OTHER FOOLS! BUT SINCE YOU HAVEN'T, WE'D BEST GET TO THE DINGHY! THE CHINA QUEEN WON'T LAST VERY LONG...



THE GRIM IRONY OF IT. THE OTHERS HAD PULLED AWAY... VANISHED... NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN. AND HE STILL HAD HIS KEG! HE HUGGED IT, AFTERWARDS, AS YOU WATCHED THE CHARRED CHINA QUEEN SLIDE BENEATH THE WAVES...

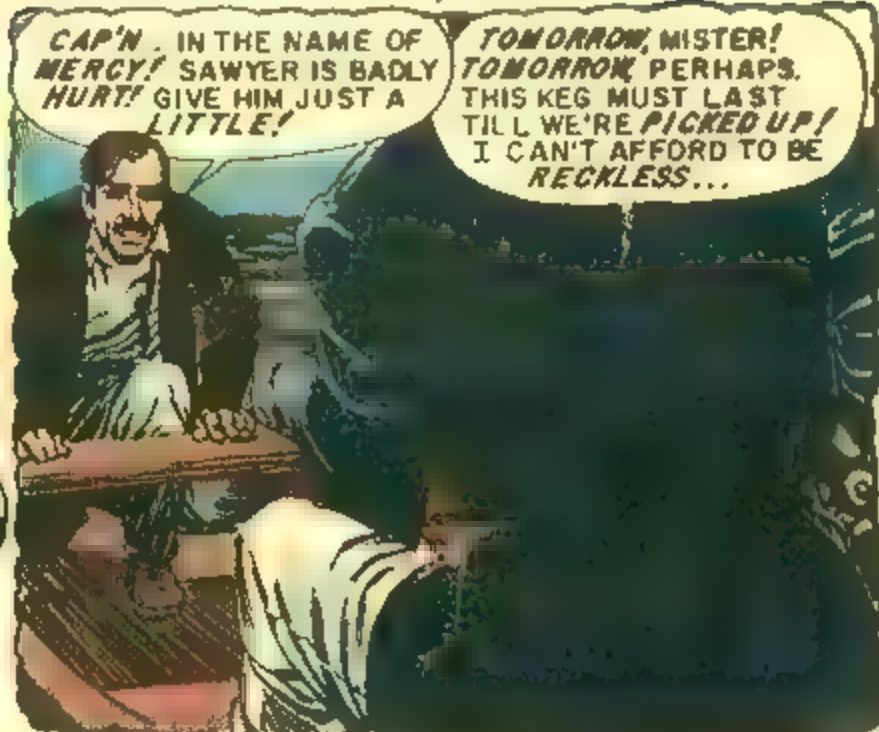
GASP... WATER.



YOU TURNED TO HIM THEN, BEGGING...

CAP'N... IN THE NAME OF MERCY! SAWYER IS BADLY HURT! GIVE HIM JUST A LITTLE!

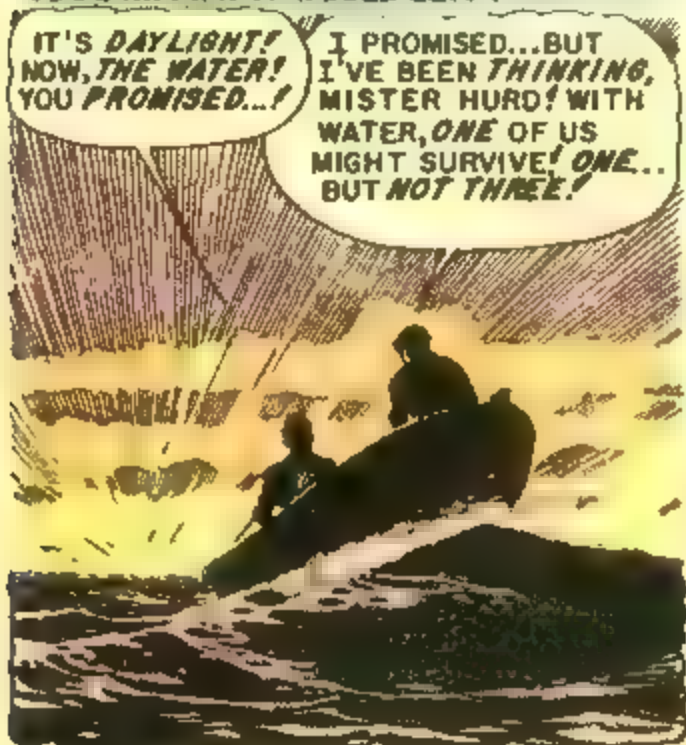
TOMORROW, MISTER! TOMORROW, PERHAPS. THIS KEG MUST LAST TILL WE'RE PICKED UP! I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE RECKLESS...



TOMORROW!? THAT BUTCHER! YOU DID WHAT YOU COULD FOR SAWYER. YOU BOUND UP HIS WOUNDS AND WAITED FOR TOMORROW. BUT TOMORROW WAS JUST AS YOU'D KNOWN IT WOULD BE...

IT'S DAYLIGHT! NOW, THE WATER! YOU PROMISED...

I PROMISED... BUT I'VE BEEN THINKING, MISTER HURD! WITH WATER, ONE OF US MIGHT SURVIVE! ONE... BUT NOT THREE!



YOU SHRIEKED AS HE DREW HIS PISTOL.

I KNEW IT! I ALWAYS KNEW IT! YOU NEVER MEANT TO SHARE IT WITH US! WELL, I WON'T LET SAWYER DIE! I'LL GET THAT WATER FROM YOU... SOMEHOW!

YOU'D NEVER REACH ME, MISTER... SO, FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, DON'T TRY!



WHAT COULD YOU DO? EACH NIGHT, IN THE DARKNESS, YOU PICTURED THAT DEVIL DRINKING. AND THE HATE BECAME A MADNESS INSIDE YOU... A FLAME THAT KEPT YOU ALIVE THROUGH THOSE AGONIZING DAYS...

YOU... YOU WISH I'D RUSH YOU... DON'T YOU? THEN... THEN YOU'D BE WITHIN YOUR RIGHTS TO KILL ME! THEN... I'D NEVER TELL! WELL, I WON'T RUSH YOU! NOT YET!



SOONER OR LATER YOU'LL HAVE TO SLEEP! I'LL... I'LL MAKE A BARGAIN WITH YOU! GIVE SAWYER A DRINK... JUST ONE... AND I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE!

I MAKE NO BARGAINS, HURD! BUT YOU'RE RIGHT! SOONER OR LATER I WILL HAVE TO SLEEP! THAT'S WHY I'VE LASHED THE KEG... SO... TO MY WAIST...

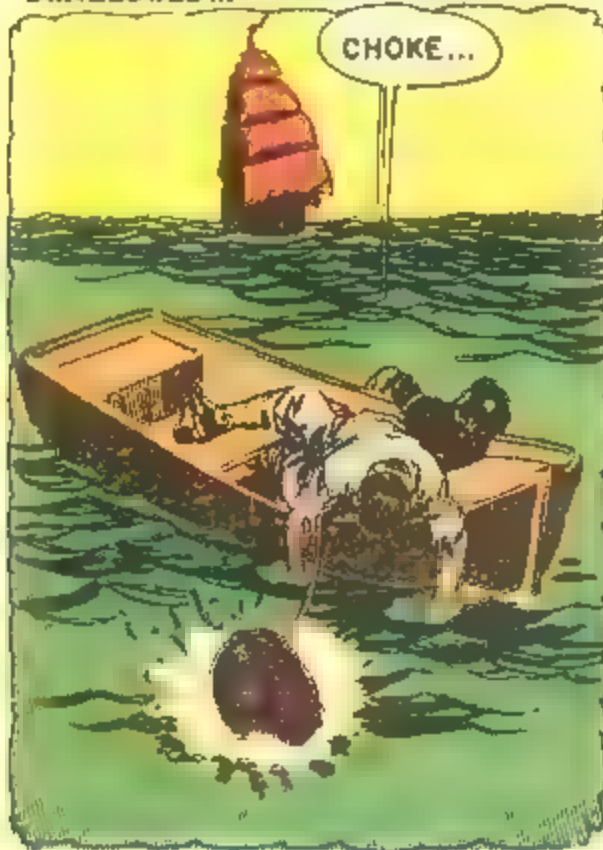


HE DROPPED THE KEG OVER THE SIDE OF THE DINGHY...

TO PULL UP THE KEG, YOU'LL HAVE TO AWAKEN ME! I WOULDN'T RISK IT IF I WERE YOU!



YOU DRANK DEEPLY AND THEN YOUR STOMACH REJECTED WHAT YOU HAD SWALLOWED...



YOU SPEWED UP THE COOL WATER AND YOU FELL BACK, SCREAMING WITH INSANE LAUGHTER. THAT WAS HOW THEY'D FOUND YOU. GIGGLING HYSTERICALLY...



THE MEMORY FADES. YOU SHAKE YOUR HEAD. YOU TURN TO THE SECOND MATE...

NOW DO YOU UNDER-
STAND, MISTER? NOW
DO YOU KNOW WHY
I'M LIKE THIS... WHY
THEY SAY I'M MAD?

I... I
UNDERSTAND,
MISTER HURD.



BUT HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND! HOW COULD HE?..

ANY MAN WOULD HAVE DONE WHAT YOU DID, MISTER HURD! AND WHEN A MAN'S BEEN THROUGH WHAT YOU'VE BEEN, HE HAS A RIGHT TO BE... WELL... STRANGE!

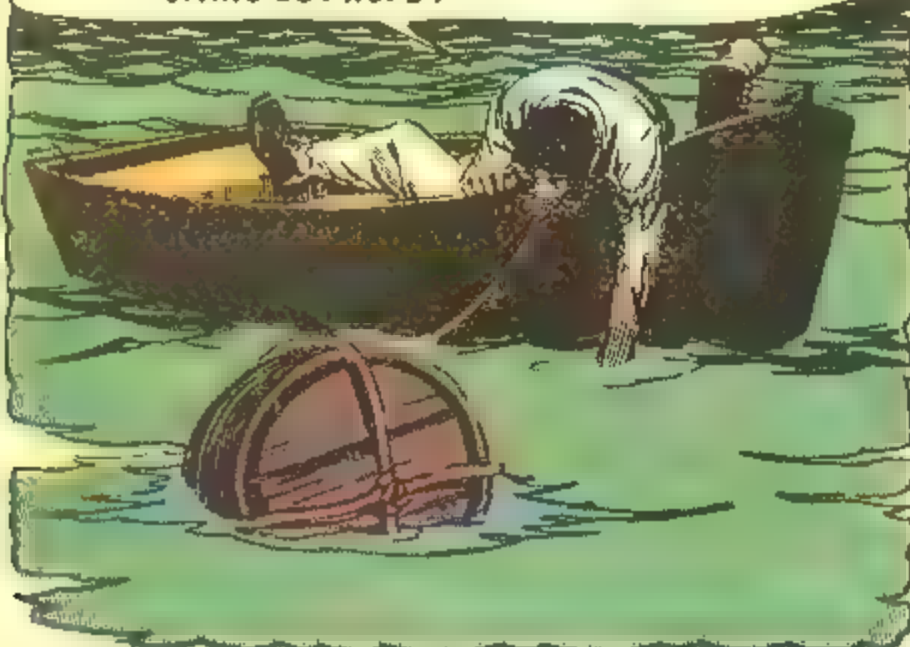
AYE... HE HAS A RIGHT! BUT NOT FOR THE REASONS YOU THINK, MISTER! NO... NOT FOR THE REASONS YOU THINK.



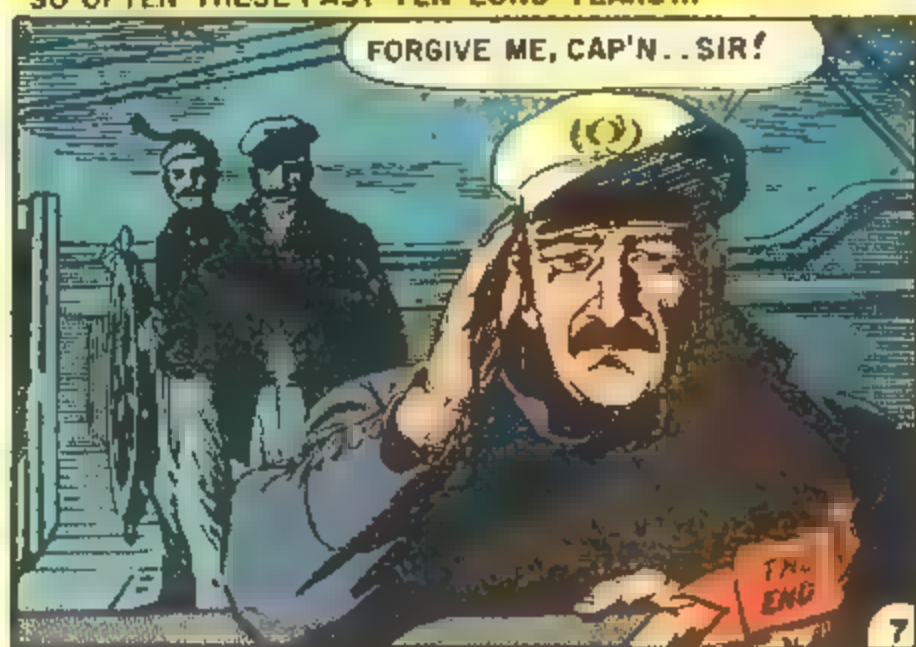
YOU ALMOST WHISPER... REMEMBERING. YOU THINK BACK TO THAT LAST DAY IN THE DINGHY... WHEN YOU RAISED THE KEG TO YOUR LIPS... WHEN YOU KNEW THE TRUTH AT LAST.



SALT! GAGG... THE WATER... IN THE KEG! SALT! THE KEG IS... STOVEN! IT MUST HAVE HAPPENED DURING THE HURRICANE! THERE... THERE NEVER WAS ANY WATER! IT... IT WAS JUST THE CAPTAIN'S WAY OF GIVING US... HOPE!



YOU REMEMBER, AND ONCE MORE THE BITTER REGRETS SURGE OVER YOU. YOUR HAND GOES TO YOUR CAP AS YOU TURN TO LOOK OUT OVER THE SILENT TOSsing WAVES. AND YOU WHISPER THE WORDS YOU'VE THOUGHT SO OFTEN THESE PAST TEN LONG YEARS...



THE
END



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PRINT PLAINLY—STICK TO POSTAL CARD & MAIL TODAY

Name Age

Street Vet?

City Zone State

☐ If you are under 17, check here for Booklet C

AMAZING OFFER

**DO YOU NEED
EXTRA
MONEY?**

**\$40.00
IS YOURS**

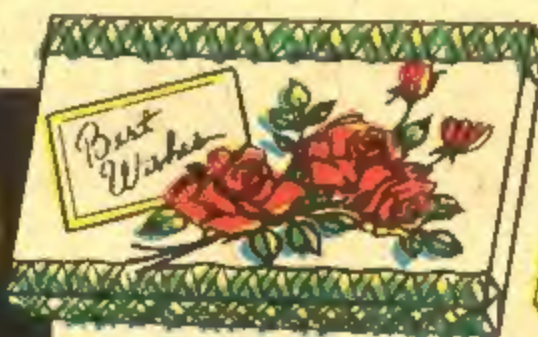
for selling only 50 boxes of
our 300 greeting card
line. And this can be done
in a single day. Free samples.
Other boxes on approval.
Mail coupon below today.

It costs you nothing to try.

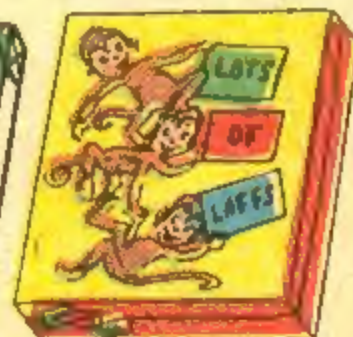
Last year some folks made \$250—\$500—\$1,000
and more this very way. Church groups and organ-
izations can do this, too. No experience necessary.



COLONIAL STUDIOS, INC., Dept. 32-A, White Plains, New York



**BEST WISHES
ALL OCCASION
ASSORTMENT**
21 luxurious cards—
including gold bronzing,
dainty hand finishing,
matching pastel envelopes



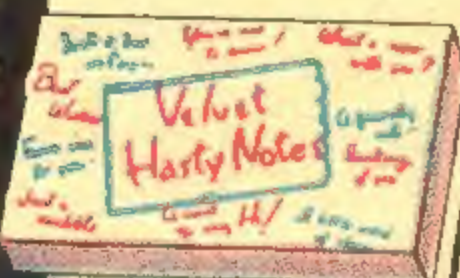
**LOTS OF LAFFS
HUMOROUS EVERYDAY
ASSORTMENT**
Novel animated cards
—including original cut-outs,
3-dimensional pop-out
features, bell attachments
and 36" novelty card



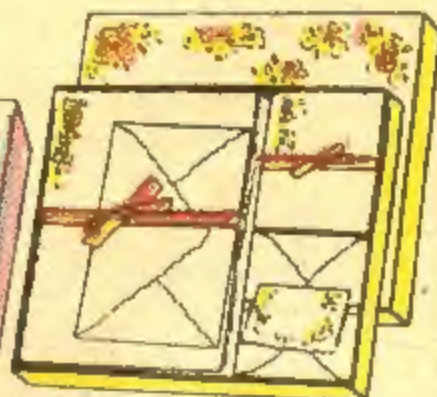
**DELUXE EVERYDAY
GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLE**
20 large multi-color
20" x 30" sheets in a
fascinating variety of
designs—plus matching
seals and gift tags



**TALL BEAUTIES
ALL OCCASION
ASSORTMENT**
Unusual tall cards
—all gold bronzed,
beautifully embossed



**VELVET
HASTY NOTES**
French folders with
friendly messages
on front in luminous
rose and blue velvet



**BLOSSOM TIME
STATIONERY ENSEMBLE**
Embossed floral design,
with gold bronzing,
dainty scalloped borders
—ribbon-tied

Mail This Free Trial Coupon Today

COLONIAL STUDIOS, INC.

Dept. 32-A, White Plains, New York

Please rush free samples, other boxes on approval
for FREE TRIAL and full details of your easy money-
making plan.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If writing for organ-
ization, give name _____

\$1000.00 WORTH OF MAGIC SECRETS
102 STARTLING TRICKS YOU CAN LEARN EASILY!

MAGIC

**TRICKS
WITH
CARDS!
CIGARETTES!
MIND
READING!
COINS!
WATCHES!
PUZZLES!
NO SPECIAL
APPARATUS
REQUIRED!**

**EACH TRICK
FULLY ILLUSTRATED...**



NEW YORK, N.Y.—Now, for the first time, the astonishing magician JACK BOXER, has agreed to expose many of the sensational tricks used by such world-famous magicians as THURSTON, HOUDINI, and DORNIE.

BOXER has prepared a fascinating book in which he shows how you can amaze and mystify your friends using coins, cards and mind-reading. No special apparatus is required!

This astonishing book reveals One Thousand Dollars worth of magic secrets explaining in simple terms 102 startling tricks! **ALL OF THIS SELLS FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR!**

In addition Mr. BOXER offers three gifts as a bonus

1. **THE MAGIC BOX** Make coins vanish and reappear, and turn pennies into nickles or dimes.

2. **WEDDING RING MYSTERY** A solid ring passes through a string that is held by a member of your audience.

3. **CHINESE RING ILLUSION** All the equipment needed to make an object disappear and reappear before the very eyes of your audience.

BOXER WILL SEND THE BOOK AND THE THREE MAGIC TRICKS ALL FOR ONLY A SINGLE DOLLAR BILL.

ALL THREE OF THESE TRICKS WILL BE SENT **FREE** WITH THE BOOK WHEN YOU USE THE COUPON AT THE RIGHT!

JACK BOXER
1221 SENECA AVENUE
BRONX 59, NEW YORK

I ENCLOSE \$1.
PLEASE **RUSH** ONE COPY OF THE BOOK **MAGIC** WITH ITS \$1000.00 WORTH OF MAGICAL SECRETS... AND ALSO THE 3 FREE BONUS TRICKS
NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

RESTORE YOUR CAR PERFORMANCE

CAR LOST IT'S PEP?

BURNING OIL?

Amazing New Method Lets You Restore Car Performance In a Few Minutes. No Mechanic Needed—You Pay Nothing For Gadgets or Mechanical Repairs.

Cars over 3 years old that have gone over 25-30,000 miles are not what they used to be. Your car probably uses too much oil, lacks power, is hard to start, is slow on the pickup, uses too much gasoline. You've probably guessed the reason. The pistons just don't fit the cylinders like they used to—Friction has worn between the cylinder walls and pistons that the rings can no longer fully seal. When that happens your engine is leaking. You are losing compression and power each time a cylinder fires. Gas is leaking into the crankcase oil to undermine its lubricating powers, oil is passing up into the cylinders to be wastefully burned into performance killing carbon deposits.

Regularly \$4.45 only **2.98** Regular Size



WORN OUT ENGINES RUN LIKE NEW

TEST #2

TEST #1
A 1945 "Dodge" 6 cylinder truck had been driven over 100,000 miles without overhaul and was using over a quart of oil every 100 miles. Rated compression of engine when new was 110 lbs.
After one PEPGO RING SEAL treatment average cylinder compression was raised over 40% from 76 to 107 lbs. Oil consumption was greatly reduced and gasoline mileage increased.

		Compression Readings—1945 Dodge Truck			
		Cylinder 1	Cylinder 2	Cylinder 3	Cylinder 4
Before	87 lbs.	75 lbs.	110 lbs.	115 lbs.	60 lbs.
After	100 lbs.	110 lbs.	115 lbs.	95 lbs.	105 lbs.

This is the testimony of the experts. Now read what just a few of the many, many satisfied users have said.

"PEPGO RING SEAL WORTH MANY TIMES THE PRICE."

"I cannot tell you how pleased I am with the results Pepgo Ring Seal has given in my 1947 Cadillac. Previous to treatment my car used one quart of oil every 200 miles. Now the car uses less than a quart of oil every thousand miles. I have also noticed a real increase in power and gas mileage since the treatment. I have now driven over 3000 miles since the Pepgo Ring Seal application and continue to get the same good results. Apart from the savings in oil and gas I found Pepgo Ring Seal worth many times the price because it restored the original power of my car. Please send me two more tubes of Pepgo Ring Seal for use in my 1950 Oldsmobile."

C. S. R. Chestnut Hill, Pa.

"PEPGO RING SEAL HAS SAVED ME \$145."

"I was ready to get rid of my 1941 Mercury when it began to use two quarts of oil every 100 miles and I discovered that a motor overhaul would cost me \$145. After treatment with Pepgo Ring Seal I use only two quarts of oil in 1400 miles. Pepgo Ring Seal has saved me a \$145 motor overhaul expense which I could not afford. The price of the tube has already been paid for several times over in oil and gas savings alone."

E. R. Oxford Village, Pa.

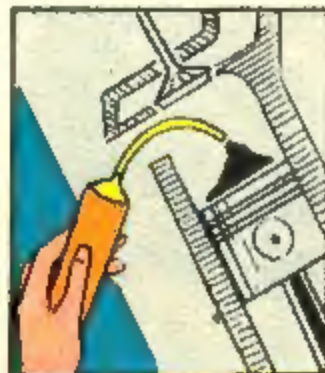
(Full statements of above and many more, including service departments, mechanics, etc., available on request.)

30 DAY FREE TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

You risk nothing. Just fill in the coupon below and we will rush your PEPGO RING SEAL kit together with full, clear, simple instructions anyone can easily follow by return mail. Just a few easy, pleasurable minutes later your car will begin to operate in a manner that will truly amaze you. Run your car after the PEPGO treatment for a full 30 days. If you are not completely delighted with the results, if your car doesn't run quieter, smoother, with more pep and pick up, less oil and gas consumption then just return the empty tubes for prompt refund of the full purchase price. We stand behind the product. We guarantee—fully satisfactory results, or your money back. 6 cylinder cars require one tube—only \$2.98, 8 cylinder cars 2 tubes—only \$4.98. This is a special offer. PEPGO sold before for \$4.45 per tube. So rush coupon today.

SAVE UP TO \$150

Now, if this is the situation you are in for an overhaul job costing somewhere between \$50 and \$150 UNLESS—
Yes, there is an alternative. You can fix that leaky engine in a few minutes, without taking the engine apart, without buying a single part or gadget, and at a cost so low you'll hardly notice it. You just squeeze a little PEPGO Ring Seal into each cylinder through the spark plug openings, replace the plugs and idle the engine and you are finished. What happens has led many motor experts to describe PEPGO as a true "Wonderworker!" "a great new revolutionary development." PEPGO coats the cylinder walls, pistons and piston rings with a unique mineral suspension which has this truly amazing power. When subjected to the high heat of the engine this mineral expands up to 30 times its original volume to fill those gaps between the rings and cylinder walls with a pliable resilient and lubricating seal that holds compression, stops oil pumping, and gas blowing. Gone is piston slapping, engine knocks. Compression is restored and with it comes more pep and power, easier starting, better mileage and lower oil consumption.



TEST #2
Engine Compression Completely Restored in 1948 Pontiac
A 1948 Pontiac "8" had been driven over 77,000 miles without an engine overhaul and was consuming a quart of oil every 200 to 300 miles. Rated compression for this engine when new was 120 lbs.
After one PEPGO RING SEAL Treatment average cylinder compression was increased from 107 lbs. to 120 lbs. or equal to factory standards when new. The car now exhibited exceptional pep and pick up, even on the mountains of Vermont and upstate New York. Oil consumption was more than cut in half. Gasoline mileage was increased more than 20%.

		Compression Readings—1948 Pontiac			
		Cylinder 1	Cylinder 2	Cylinder 3	Cylinder 4
Before	105 lbs.	95 lbs.	107 lbs.	120 lbs.	110 lbs.
After	125 lbs.	120 lbs.	125 lbs.	122 lbs.	115 lbs.

**NOW ONLY
2.98**

**GET UP TO
50% MORE
POWER**

No labor cost—nothing else to buy

YOU RISK NOTHING

Just prove it for yourself at our risk. PEPGO Ring Seal is guaranteed harmless. It cannot harm the finest car in any way. It can only improve and protect your motor. (Of course it will not correct mechanically defective parts.) Try PEPGO Ring Seal in your engine for a full 30 days. If you are not satisfied that everything we have led you to expect is absolutely true—just return the empty tube and we will refund the full purchase price.

MODERN MART, Dept. EC6, 400 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

- Rush tubes of Pepgo Ring Seal together with kit and easy instructions
☐ 6 Cylinder cars (1 tube) \$2.98 ☐ 8 Cylinder cars (2 tubes) \$4.98
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage. If I do not see immediate improvement, if after even 30 days' use I am not completely satisfied that I have gotten improved Pep, pick up, performance and economy for my car, I may return the empty tubes for prompt refund of the full purchase price.
☐ I enclose payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage. Same Money Back Guarantee.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____